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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR

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DEDICATION HYMN.

Written for the occasion by J. A. S., and sung at the recent Dedication in Brooklina.

Father, before Thee now the Temple stands,
Which we have moulded in sincerity;
With Thee accept the labor of our hands—
With grateful hearts we offer it to Thee.

Not for oblations vain, and forms unmeet,
But for a place where we may learn to pray;
To choose, like Mary at the Savior's feet,
That better part which will not pass away.

Where Thy good angels shall descend and 'light,
Bringing the peaceful branch like Noah's dove;
Where we may hold communion in Thy sight,
Clothed with humility and Christ-like love.

Where Nature's voice, and Revelation's tongue
May blend, and in one common language tell,
What trees and streams tor centuries have sung,
What he has taught who taught of love so well.

Here may the weary find refreshing rest;
Here may the sorrowing forget their wo;
And leaning gently on the Savior's breast,
Feel that calm peace the pure alone can know.

Bless Thou our work; give it Thy holy love;
And though of mortal mould, it still shall be
The gate that opens to Thy courts above,
The fair and pleasant path, that leads to Thee.

For the Register.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN JERUSALEM.

[Extracted from "Eastern Life, Present and Past, by Miss Martineau."

"We were now on our way to the English Church, from which we obtained the fine view I have alluded to. The walls of this new church were up, and the pillars rising; and a spiral staircase at one corner was so finished as that we could mount. Some of our party exclaimed at the smallness of this pretty new church; but I much doubt whether there will ever be Jewish converts enough to fill it. I should have supposed that any consideration at home of the genius of the Jewish religion, and much more on *the spot*, would have shown the unsoundness of the scheme. Those who are intimate with the minds of educated and conscientious Jews are aware that such cannot be converted to Christianity; that the very foundation of their faith cannot support that superstructure; that there can be, to them, no reason why they should change, and every conceivable reason why they should not. *They* well know that it is only the ill-grounded Jew that can be converted; the weak, the ignorant, the needy and immoral. After all these years, the converts are very few; they are not all Jews; and there is a difficulty about the maintenance of even those Jews. There was talk, when we were at Jerusalem, of endeavoring to set up a House of Industry, because the converts of course became outcasts from their own people. Those who withdraw these converts from their old connections, habits, principles and intercourses, are indeed under an obligation to supply them with new; but it is to be hoped that they consider well what they are doing, and how tremendous a responsibility they are taking upon themselves, as regards the *morals*, as well as the fortunes of their converts. It is no light matter to subvert a man's habits of mind and life, to isolate him in the midst of his own city and race, and render him wholly dependent on his religious teachers. It should be well considered whether the loss of the faith of his fathers, and the radical shaking of his own; the exclusion from family, society and employment; the loss of tranquillity, and the great moral dangers of such an uprooting as none but a Jew can ever experience, are really compensated by anything that the Mission at Jerusalem has hitherto found itself able to impart. It scarcely needs to be pointed out, with regard to this proposed House of Industry, that when once the Mission becomes an alms-house affair, before the eyes of the city—a city full of Mahommedans and Jews, who already regard the Protestant Christians with utter contempt—there is an end to all hope of converting any but the alms-house order of people; the needy and lazy. The hospital of the Mission is an interesting establishment, and to all appearance, well managed. If the Mission is to be a charitable institution, well and good, (supposing it to be proved, as a charity, worth its cost:) only let it be called so: that a vast expense may perhaps be saved, which is sorely craved by our heathens at home, who are unquestionably in a far worse state of destitution than the Jews in Palestine. While we have millions of savages in our own island—here, even without gods—I cannot see why we should spend on a handful of strangers who have already a noble faith of their own, the resources which would support Home Missions to a much greater extent. Time will show. but my own persuasion is that the Jerusalem Mission cannot, from errors inherent in its very conception, long endure. On the Good Friday when we were there, five Jews—three men and two women—were baptized: and one of the ladies of the Mission told me that the number of converts was sixty in the thirteen years since the first effort was made."

The public are greatly indebted to Miss Martineau for her truly interesting and pleasing information of Egypt and Palestine. Her remarks on the English Mission, are such as are calculated to force conviction on all who are interested in the general good. Nothing can show, in a stronger light, the fallacy and absurdity of endeavouring to convert the Jews to Christianity, when all their previous convictions are directly opposed to the faith we profess; and in addition to what she has said on this subject, it is painful to observe that all the various sects who resort to Jerusalem, in veneration of the deeds there done, are alike hostile and intolerant toward each other; albeit, all profess to believe on one omnipotent being, and in giving homage to Him who was sent. All have their separate places for performing their devotions, in which none of a different sect are permitted to enter; while the Jews and Mahommedans look down with contempt on all who bear the name of Christians. In this state of things it must force conviction on the minds of every observer, that until they can be made to feel the importance of attending to the divine admonition of Him they profess to follow, and are united in the bonds of brotherly love and kindness, not thinking too highly of themselves, but giving place to each other in honor, as servants of the same master, Christianity can never prevail, or have its free course and be glorified. The English Mission in Jerusalem exhibits the same character as Missions in India and elsewhere, where the power is not had to force obedience to their decrees; and we trust that the sad and unhappy result of Foreign Missions will influence all who desire to do good, and communicate in the freeing from pollution and error the great portion of their fellow men, who live in open defiance of law and duty, and who without this assistance, must finally bring disgrace and ruin on our common country. All must be aware that it is owing to the neglect of home duties, that all the achievements in art and science which have been accumulated for ages in Europe, are now threatened with the destructive violence which has left in ruin and desolation so many fair and beautiful cities, whose remains are now buried beneath the dust and rubbish of ages.

MISSIONARY HOUSE ON PEMBERTON SQUARE.

[From the Correspondence of the New York Observer.]

In the Missionary House on Pemberton Square, (which, for some reason or other, has more attractions for me than almost any other object in and about Boston,) there are various rooms, offices, depositories, cabinets of curiosities, and the like. I will tell some things which I saw in the room, where the Prudential Committee hold their sittings; where they bow together before the throne, and where they deliberate and decide on the interests of distant millions in the four quarters of the world. I felt an awe in that room, such as I never felt in any other. There hung five portraits. There was another. But there hung five of peculiar interest, arranged in due order. A long oval table in the centre of the room stands in silence, ready to be surrounded by the several members of the committee and the secretaries, and to bear the various letters, documents, and communications received from, and destined to distant lands. At the west end of the room, and directly behind the chair of the *presiding officer*, who sits with his face towards the table, as do all the members, hangs the portrait of the late Rev. Samuel Worcester, D. D., the first Corresponding Secretary of the Board. On his left, and on the north side of the room, is the portrait of Jeremiah Evarts, Esq., the second Corresponding Secretary. Next to him, on the same side, is the portrait of Rev. Elias Cornelius, D. D., the third Corresponding Secretary. At the east end of the room, near the north-east corner, is the portrait of Rev. Benjamin B. Wisner, D. D., the fourth Corresponding Secretary. On the same side, but near the south-east corner, is the portrait of Rev. William J. Armstrong, D. D., the late Associate Secretary, who resided chiefly in the city of New York, but was at the Board once a month.

UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE. *Rev. David Greene*, in his letter of resignation as one of the Secretaries of the American Board, says:—

I must also be permitted to say, that, during the almost twenty-one years of my official connection with the Board, a period extending over more than half the Board's history from its organization, and a longer period than any other executive officer has been connected with it, except the present Treasurer and senior Corresponding Secretary, it has been my happiness to be associated intimately with the present Treasurer, six persons in the office of Secretary, and fourteen as members of the Prudential Committee, six of whom have been removed, as we doubt not, to the heavenly rest; and I would here record with thankfulness to God, that in all the meetings for business held during this whole period, (and they have been, on the average, more than one a week,) and in all our mutual private intercourse, there has never been, so far as I have reason to believe, one offensive word, one uncourteous act, or one unkind feeling. Though often differing, of course, in opinion on some of the many delicate and perplexing subjects which have come up for discussion and action; in feeling all, without a single exception, has been harmonious and fraternal.

"MORE LIGHT—MORE LIGHT." It is recorded of one of the worthies of the Scottish Church, that when he had acquited himself, in a public disputation, with great credit to his Master's cause, a friend begged to see the notes which he had been observed to write, supposing that he had taken down the arguments of his opponents, and sketched the substance of his reply. Greatly was he surprised to find that his notes consisted simply of these ejaculatory petitions: "More light—more light—more light!"—Greenham being asked his judgment of some important matters, answered, "Sir, neither am I able to speak, nor you to hear, *for we have not prayed*. I may indeed talk, and you may answer as natural men, but we are not now prepared to confer as children of God." How soon would controversy cease in the Church, if such a spirit were prevalent!

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

[From Rev. Mr. Prentiss' Sermon.]

It is related of the saintly George Herbert, the quaint old English church poet, that once in a walk to Salisbury to join a musical party, he "saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed. But he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him 'he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, 'that the thought of what he had done, *would prove music to him at midnight*; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for; and let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion.'" Oh, how many might have the anxious thoughts which infest often their midnight hours, changed into sweetest music, if they would only be more frequently seen, with full hands and friendly words, in the abodes of poverty and suffering! These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight harmonies!

THE BIRD IN THE CHURCH.

The town of E—— is embowered in trees. Its ancient and spacious church, with its chiming clock and towering steeple of beautiful proportions, although in the centre of the town, is yet in the centre of forest-trees, which nearly conceal it from view; and, what is more, it is the centre and home of the affections of the people whose ancestors for nearly two hundred years have there worshiped God in spirit and in truth.

On a Sabbath of unusual brilliancy, in the late spring, the doors of the church were open, and the windows were all closed. During the progress of the service a bird entered by the door and flew up to the vaulted roof, and, alarmed by the voices which it heard, gave every evidence of anxiety to make its escape. There sat in one of the pews a young lady, whose eye soon lit upon the fluttering bird, and followed him from window to window, in his vain efforts to escape. It sought an exit at every window, and almost at every pane of glass. It would now rise to the ceiling—now renew its vain attempts at the windows. At last its wings were weary, and all hope of escape seemed to be abandoned, and as if unable to sustain itself longer, it lowered itself into the body of the church. Just then it caught a view of the door, and was out in a moment, singing a song of triumph over its release, amid the branches of the trees.

When the bird was gone, the thoughts of the young lady reverted to herself. "I have been acting," said she, "like that foolish bird. I have been seeking peace in ways in which it is not to be found—and to go out from the bondage of sin through doors that are closed against me. Christ is the door—through him there is escape from the dominion of sin. I have acted like that foolish bird long enough. What the door was to it, Christ is to me. As it escaped through the door, so may I through Christ." And she found peace in believing.

THE AUTHOR OF "LACON."

[In what sad contrast often stand the life and the expressed sentiments of man! How is the effect of beautiful sentiments and wise precepts marred, through our knowledge of the character of those from whom they proceed being so entirely opposite. John Foster has said that, under such circumstances, it seems as though some evil demon rises up in the back ground to spoil our enjoyment. If we devise any improvement, it is as we feel the force of the conscience and the heart giving their testimony in favor of goodness, in spite of the will and of the life. The author of the celebrated book called "Lacon" is of the class described.]

This remarkable book was written upon covers of letters and scraps of papers of such description as was nearest at hand; the greater part at a house in Prince's street, Soho. Colton's lodging was a penuriously-furnished second floor, and upon a rough deal table with a stumpy pen, our author wrote. Though a beneficed clergyman, holding the vicarage of Kew, with Petersham, in Surrey, Colton was a well-known frequenter of the gaming-table; and suddenly disappearing from his own usual haunts in London about the time of the murder of Weare, in 1823, it was strongly suspected he had been assassinated. It was, however, afterwards ascertained that he had absconded to avoid his creditors; and in 1828 a successor was appointed to his living. He then went to reside in America, ont subsequently lived in Paris, a professed gamester; and it was said that he thus gained, in two years only, the sum of £25,000. He blew out his brains while on a visit to a friend at Fountainebleau, in 1833; a bankrupt in health, spirits, and fortune. [Nonconformist.

IRASCIBILITY OF TEMPER. The greatest plague in life is a bad temper. It is a great waste of time to complain of other people's; the best thing is to amend our own, and the next best quality is to learn to bear with what we meet in others. Irascibility is very injurious to health, and so, in fact, is every morbid indulgence of our inferior nature—low spirits, melancholy, diffidence, disinclination for ordinary duties, discontent, fretfulness, even down to mental lassitude, indolence or despair—is very inimical to enjoyment of life, and every possible effort should be made to cast them all to the winds, and look unblushingly into the truth of the fact. It is astonishing what a little reflection will do—the fears are mostly imaginary, and with one dash of resolution may all be overcome.

BROODING OVER INJURIES. A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up a wound, I am showing it to every body; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound, and making it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world that would not call me a fool! Now such is he, who, by little injuries or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look to it again! [Rev. C. Simeon.

SOCIAL EVILS AND THEIR REMEDIES.

[From Rev. Mr. Prentiss' Sermon.]

If the question were asked, What are the two most obvious and influential causes of those political convulsions, which will forever signalize the year now drawing towards a close, as one of the most eventful in modern times! I think he would not err, who should answer—Poverty and Neglect.

The want of *employment*, leading to idleness and crime; the want of *sympathy*, engendering discontent and despair,—these, I apprehend, are the simple explanation of that "day of trouble and of treading down and of perplexity by the Lord God of Hosts," which has dawned with such portentous aspect upon the principal countries of the Christian world. Many other causes have no doubt been at work to produce this fearful "distress of Nations;" but the oldest, the deepest and the most potent are, I repeat it, Poverty and Neglect—want of the physical means and of the moral sympathies of life.

The seeds of these evils were incorporated with the very elements of modern civilization.—They have "grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength;" in some countries, it is true, their development has been more checked and counteracted than in others, by climate, by the genius and habits of the people, by political institutions and by religious faith; but in nearly all, that development has been steady, widespread and most fatal in its results.

It is of course not my intention at present to go into a discussion of this subject; but those who have acquainted themselves with the recent literature of European pauperism, crime and popular debasement; who know, either from books or from observation, how deeply the masses in Great Britain and on the Continent are sunk in ignorance, vice and hopeless day-drudgery, will not be disposed to question the general correctness of the position I have advanced. Indeed it is, I suppose, the nearly concurrent opinion of those, who have observed with the greatest care and meditated most profoundly upon the present condition of the Christian Nations, that the evils, which press so heavily upon them, are pre-eminently *social* in their origin and nature, and that their remedy must be found, if at all, in a wiser, more beneficent order and economy of the social system—an order based upon the physical and moral wants and rights of the Many.

Philosophers, statesmen and philanthropists have long been endeavoring, by the help of speculation, experiment and legislation, to discover the principles and elements of this better order. And what else than this has been the true aim and end of the great historical Movements of modern times! The Reformation was not merely a Protest against the doctrinal errors of the church of Rome; practically considered, it was quite as much a solemn Protest against her inhuman neglect of the minds, the feelings and the spiritual interests of the multitude. No one can peruse the writings and familiar letters of Luther, without seeing that the master-impulse of his heroic soul was to bring Christ's gospel, with its precious truths, hopes and promises, home to the dwellings and hearts of the poor, wretched people,—or common folk, as he pathetically called them. He himself sprang out of the plebeian mass, and knew, therefore, from bitter experience, their wants and their miseries. Those who regard the Lutheran Reformation as merely a change in theological dogma, only half understand its significance. It was also the beginning and the germ of a new order of Christian Society. Had I time, it would be interesting to show this by going into particulars. I will barely allude to the *system of popular education*, which may be regarded as one of the most important ideas of the Reformation. A glance at England, where *this* idea was never fully naturalized, will, it seems to me, indirectly confirm the view just presented. England is the freest, the wealthiest, and, in many respects, the most cultivated and powerful nation of the old world. No where else has the Protestant principle developed itself with such matchless energy; no where else has it produced results so splendid. English Law and Liberty, English Commerce, English Literature, the English Bible, English Colonization—*these* are the monuments of what that principle, by the blessing of Providence, has done for our mother-country. And yet I ask you if there is a nation in Christendom, that labors under greater *social evils* than precisely England! And why! The answer is at hand. It is chiefly because, in despite of her Protestant faith, she has allowed millions of her population to grow up in poverty, vice and brutal ignorance; it is because she has cruelly and wickedly *neglected* them, until they are ready to trample her crown, her liberty and her honor in the dust; it is, in a word, because she has been to them a heartless *step-mother*, and now, in the day of trouble, they prove thankless and rebellious children.

In this country, along with the "goodly heritage" of English laws, religion and enterprise, our Puritanical ancestors brought a stringent organization. Much of what favorably distinguishes New from Old England, is doubtless, to be ascribed to this cause.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The following letter is from the able Washington correspondent of the Christian Watchman and Reflector:—

Of all questions and one which comes home to the business and bosoms of all, is the slave trade in this District. The Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, for many years Commissioner of Patents, and whose fame as a friend of agriculture and the useful arts, is in the homes of our whole country, in a speech delivered by him at Lafayette, Indiana, (his present home,) has stated some facts which must have their weight with the country. Mr. Ellsworth, as I have before said, was a citizen of Washington, for ten years; he had an opportunity of seeing the operation of slavery in our District, and here is what he says on the subject to the farmers in Indiana:—

"A gentleman who once hailed from Virginia has unexpectedly arisen from the stand, and after admitting with much courtesy the sincerity of my remarks, would lessen their force by calling me a *theorist*. I am compelled to reply—I am from the Yankee land. I have resided ten long years in a slave territory—the District of Columbia—the little spot the nation emphatically calls her own. Would to God that I could say slavery was not there. But there it is, to greet the arrival of strangers attracted to the metropolis by business or curiosity. Yes, there it is in awful reality. In full sight of great legislators—near the western gate of the capitol and almost reached by its flag, the 'Pen' is found, walled in and guarded, with manacles and handcuffs, the paraphernalia of a slave ship. There human beings are daily incarcerated and brought out for sale, first exposed and proved, like cattle, sound in wind and limb, and then ironed and driven to acclimate or die in the rice swamps or on the sugar plantations of the south.

Here, too, the dignitaries of the land (who travel at 8 dollars for every 20 miles,) come to stock *their* farms.

Here, too, color is a crime; one speck of African blood consigns the unfortunate if found at large, to the prison; and, if as does occur, his passport or manumission is lost, he is sold to slavery again! Those who have purchased their freedom live in constant fear of abduction. *I have been awakened at the dead hour of night by the supplication of a domestic, that I would save her sister, whom the men were carrying off.* Knowing she was free, I went with a friend in search of the captive. We found her in custody of 'two negro hunters' who showed an advertisement, $50 bounty; they claimed her as a runaway; she protested by her tears and assertions that she was not a slave. Force was threatened; it would have been resisted at all hazards. A night of horror to this girl passed away. The light of day beamed upon the facts; she was free and proved it! How narrow her escape! If carried far away, her lips sealed in silence, when would her rescue arrive!—at the grave.

Shall I tell you with what horror representatives at our court from foreign lands behold, at the seat of government, the exhibition of the principles of this free republic, where all men are by nature born equal!

Even citizens of the District have not nerve to behold the execution of their wishes. Mothers are separated from their children, and the injunction not to put asunder what God has joined together, despised and rejected. Slaves are sent on pretence of business and when beyond the sound of shrieks and supplication, they are seized and borne away to the *pen*.

Here it is that fathers sell their own children and themselves rivet the manacles of slavery forever!

Had wealth been mine I could have consecrated it to a holy purpose. I could have saved some, who had learned to read the Bible and yield to its requirements, giving evidence by a christian walk, of their sincerity of profession; such I could have saved, not from servile labor, but from the possession of one whose motive was lust, whose cruelty worse than death! If nature or accomplishment adorns the female slave, it is only to make her the object of greater desire. I have urged the claims of humanity, of pity, and mercy, all in vain."

I well recollect the incident to which Col. Ellsworth refers in the foregoing extract, for I was the friend who accompanied him to the house where these 'nigger hunters had rudely entered, and claimed the sister recently returned from 'the free West' on a visit to her relatives in this city; nor shall I soon forget the feelings roused by the impudent menacing demeanor of these men. They interrogated us as men having the sovereignty of life and liberty in their hands—'the girl was black, the law said a black face was, by presumption, a slave, and they had a right to her, and could and would imprison her if they pleased;' and it was deemed by them an act of distinguished courtesy to believe Col. Ellsworth and myself, when we assured them that the girl before them was well known to us both, and had been for years employed in our families as a seamstress, and was not the fugitive slave they were in pursuit of. And this is law in the District of Columbia, the free soil of our Confederacy.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

ADDRESS OF THE PEACE CONGRESS.

To the Governments of Europe and America.

In the month of September last, a Congress was held in the city of Brussels, whose great object was to promote and secure permanent peace among the civilized nations of the earth, by finding, if possible, an efficient substitute for the bloody, uncertain, and costly arbitrament of war. The Congress was composed of numerous individuals, speaking various languages, living under diverse forms of Government, and entertaining different political opinions and religious convictions, but drawn together by a common sentiment of humanity, and an ardent desire to promote the welfare of mankind; by removing the causes and incentives to war.

The eminent positions which you occupy in the Councils of the nations of Europe and America, induces the Congress, of which we are the representatives, to submit to your serious consideration, the great and important questions which formed the subject of their anxious deliberations; and respectfully, yet earnestly, to invite your attention to the conclusions at which they arrived. They will be found embodied in the following resolutions:—

1st. That, in the judgment of this Congress, an appeal to arms for the purpose of deciding disputes among nations, is a custom condemned alike by religion, reason, justice, humanity, and the best interests of the people; and that therefore, it considers it to be the duty of the civilized world to adopt measures calculated to effect its entire abolition.

2nd. That it is of the highest importance to urge on the several Governments of Europe and America, the necessity of introducing a clause into all international treaties, providing for the settlement of all disputes by arbitration, in an amicable manner, and according to the rules of justice and equity—special arbitrators, or a Supreme International Court, to be invested with power to decide in cases of necessity, as a last resort.

3rd. That the speedy convocation of a Congress of Nations, composed of duly appointed representatives, for the purpose of framing a well-digested and authoritative international code, would be an effectual means of promoting universal peace.

4th. That this Congress respectfully call the attention of civilized Governments to the necessity of a general and simultaneous disarmament, as a means whereby they may greatly diminish the financial burthens which press hard upon them; remove a fertile cause of irritation, and inquietude; inspire mutual confidence; and promote the interchange of good offices, which while they advance the interest of each state in particular, contribute largely to the maintenance of general peace, and to the lasting prosperity of nations.

These substitutes for war adopted by the Congress require no arguments to enforce them, for it is evident that if they be adopted and applied, that terrible scourge of humanity will cease to afflict and degrade the nations.

Few, if any, of the wars which, for centuries past, have desolated the earth, can be justified on the ground of equity utility or necessity; nor can any one be cited whose fearful results are not loudly condemned by the voice of humanity and religion. The war-spirit of past generations has loaded most, if not all civilized nations with enormous debts, paralyzed their industry, interrupted their commerce, retarded the progress of science, literature, and art, and created a spirit of jealousy and animosity among the nations which long years of peace have not been able completely to subdue.

Europe at this moment presents the melancholy spectacle of an "armed peace." Her mighty legions are ready to take the field; and it is feared that under these melancholy circumstances a single spark from the torch of war, may wrap the world in flames: May God avert so terrible a catastrophe!

The great questions of peace and war are confided to the hands of those to whom the government of the nations has been entrusted. Their responsibility is as great as their power; and while the Congress would earnestly pray that "the God of Peace" may deign to preside over their councils, it would implore them, in the name of the dearest interests of humanity, civilization, and religion, promptly to adopt the most effective measures for preventing a return of the horrors of war, and for securing to all nations the blessings of a solid and lasting peace.

The substitution of arbitration for war would be an immense step towards this object; the principle and the means for giving it effect, might be embodied in special treaties, but the progress of sound political opinion leads still further. The convening of a Congress, composed of the most enlightened and eminent men of all countries, for the purpose of forming an international code, which shall place the relations between the different nations on a solid and intelligible basis, and the institution of a High Court of Nations, for the final adjudication of most questions in accordance with the great and comprehensive principles of such a code, would not only remove the causes of war, but cement a noble and holy alliance between both governments and peoples.

In anticipation of so great a result, it is desirable that the necessity of a general and simultaneous disarmament should take place. Such an act, without compromising the dignity or impairing the strength of governments, would be the surest guaranty for the preservation of general peace, and the advancement of public prosperity.

The Congress is fully aware that the force of circumstances, the progress of modern industry and commerce, the greater facility and frequency of communication betwen the nations, the diffusion of knowledge, and the more elevated sentiments of humanity and religion, all tend to prevent the recurrence of war; but it remains with the Governments of the civilized world to put an end to that fatal and sanguinary custom, by adopting those wise and necessary measures which shall lead to so happy a result.

In submitting to statesmen the recommendations embodied in the resolutions, the Congress entertains a just and legitimate confidence that they will not be disregarded; and that the Governments of Europe and America, animated by an ardent and sincere desire to promote the welfare of the great commonwealth of nations, will determine, as in the performance of a sacred duty, to give them a practical application, and thus aid in securing the peace of the world.

AUGUSTE VISSCHERS, President.
WILLIAM EWART, England,
ELIHU BURRITT, United States,
FRANCISQUE BOUVET, France,
—— SURINGAR Holland,
} Vice Presidents.

SWITZERLAND.

[From Rev. H. W. Bellows' Correspondence in the Christian Inquirer.]

HEIDELBURG, Aug. 17 1848.

We left the valley of Chamouni with great regret, and in the jolting chai-a-banc, a sort of side-ways carriage, which resembles riding on a rail-road, we made our way through the connected valleys of the Aroe and other mountain streams and amid sublime scenery to Sallenche, where, at the distance of fifteen miles from Mt. Blanc, we had what all agreed in thinking the best view of the mountain. At this distance his relative proportions are far better seen, and his several summits are observed at a better angle with each other. The country rapidly loses its boldness, and by the time we reached Geneva, it was almost incredible that only a short day's journey separated us from the grandest scenery in the world.

Geneva, as everybody knows, is charmingly situated at the foot of Lake Leman, just where the arrowy Rhone reassumes its small state, much enriched by its short-lived union with the lake, yet running away from its beautiful partner with a very ungrateful speed. His proud, full current, looks very ill prepared for the vengeance soon to be wreaked upon it by the Dar, which a few miles below discharges its turbid waters into the Rhone and sends it to the sea bereft of its beauty—a mighty, muddy river—such as we saw it first at Lyons. The old part of Geneva is a town of narrow streets running up and down precipices—full of break-neck staircases and sudden turns—with side walks that startle you as you look aside and see another streeet fifty feet below, that seems to have just split off and sunk down. Fine walks—with thrifty trees and pleasant views—run upon the old ramparts, and many of the finest private residences are scattered through the town—giving it in this respect an immeasurable superiority over any other city in Switzerland. The old Gothic munster where Calvin preached—the very sound board that re-echoed the discussions of the Catholic monks with the reformers—is still in a green old age—deformed though it be with a new facade of the Corinthian order. This is still the principal church in Geneva, and the twelve Pastors of the city officiate by turns in its pulpit. It was not easy to discover just what the state of religious opinion is. We were naturally anxious to find out how far anti-Trinitarianism prevailed, and called upon one of the Pastors of the city for information. The difficulty of determing this will be felt, when it is understood that a national church exists in Geneva, and without any enforced creed, within which a far greater latitude of opinion is allowed to exist than was ever honestly or openly permitted in the English church—that the people listen in time to ministers of widely different opinions, whom, however, a mutual deference restrains from the expression of dogmatical peculiarities—that families have no option in the choice of a Pastor; that being determined by the district in which they chance to dwell. It would seem impossible in this state of things, that any very decisive theological opinions could exist in a general indifference in regard to which appears to find with a corresponding laxity of interest in practical application of Christianity. There seems, however, to be three schools or parties, clearly distinguished, answering very much to our orthodox, semi-orthodox and liberal parties. The most popular preacher in Geneva belongs to the middle class, and was described to us as being not a Trinitarian, although one whose theology started from the fact of human depravity. In what proportion these schools exist, we could not learn. It is manifest, however, that Calvinism has a very softened existence in the place of its birth—and in its proper character is almost as little known, as the place of its great author's ashes, "whose grave no man knoweth." How many private seceders from the national church there may be, or what adherents d'Aubigny may have, we have no means of knowing. From a very superficial acquaintance with the state of things in Geneva, but much more from the inherent disadvantages of of the religious system, we judge that nothing very favorable to the reputation of liberal views can proceed from their half-suppressed, inactive, or rather only negative existence in an established church.

Great lamentations are made by some of the best citizens of Geneva over the rapid decline of order, virtue and prosperity in that community, which they ascribe to the recent popular revolution, by which the control of affairs has passed out of the keeping of the wise and prudent into unpracticed and irresponsible hands. We are too good republicans to fear any permanent evil from the extension of popular rights, and suspect that the groans we heard are only the familiar sighs of those leaving the stage, after the "good old times." Certainly the new part of Geneva, which has sprung up very recently on the north side of the Rhone, is far more beautiful than the old town, and we trust that its wide streets and magnificent bridges, and lofty and substantial buildings, are the exponents of an increased civil and social prosperity. The beauty of this part of Geneva took us entirely by surprise. It would not be easy to find a more cheerful and elegant *coup d'œil* than is presented to him who stations himself mid-way upon the principal Bridge that crosses the Rhone into the Place des Bergues. The distant view of Mount Blanc, with the beautiful foreground of the orchards and vineyards and villas of the gentle shores of the lake, completes the attractions of this portion of Geneva. We must pass as rapidly as the steamboat that carried us—by Ferney, no longer, as we hear, retaining many marks of Voltaire's presence—by Coppet, where Madame de Stael's youth was passed in a plain old, square chateau, that still rises in the midst of the town, as unlike her genius in its formal, dull, lumpy architecture, as it is like her fame in its solidity and conspicuousness—by the new and elegant villa where Lola Montes, banished from court by the public voice, is to wait the coming of the infatuated king, who prefers her to the love of his people, and some say even to his throne—by twenty charming points of view—on to Lausanne, to dine at the "Hotel Gibbon," near the summer-house where he says in his Autobiography, he wrote the last page of his history. Besides the charming scenery of the lake our three hours steaming was beguiled by the music of two different volunteers, who played and sung agreeably, and handed round the hat modestly afterwards; by the feats of a travelling juggler, and by a still more curious spectacle, the cigar-smoking of a very delicate and refined looking French lady, who joined her husband's pipe with a sang-froid and apparent unconsciousness of anything outre, that made us quite ashamed of our wonder. Leaving Lausanne and its unknown beauties, we drove over the lofty, rolling tract of cultivated ground that lies between the Lake of Geneva and Lake Neufchatel to Yverdun, and then by steam, crossed that pretty, quiet sheet of water, to the town of Neufchatel, one of the most elegant little places we have any where met. The views from the castle terrace, on which the interesting old Cathedral is placed, having one of the most curious old tombs adorned with stone statues painted and gilt like French dolls—are extremely fine, and in clear weather, when the range of the Bernese Alps is in full sight must be magnificent. This little city must be running over with public spirit. Its public buildings, its walks, its grand tunnelled sluice for diverting the unwholesome and destructive stream that formerly ran through the town, but, above all, its Gymnasium, a noble institution, occupying a majestic edifice of beautiful stone and containing one of the finest collections in the world, illustrative of Natural History, in several departments. In this quiet and delightful spot, Agassiz was born and, to his indefatigable labors and brilliant genius, this Gymnasium owes its priceless Museum. We felt a kind of compunction in the thought, that our own Alma Mater was now profiting by the desolation which Neufchatel experiences in the loss of its brightest ornament; but we are free to own that our penitence was of that too common and cheap kind, which does not contemplate restitution. Neufchatel, a Swiss canton, has followed the fashion of the times, and repudiated its Prussian Governor, whom it supported with no earthly benefit, at a heavy expense.—We were glad to find the array of grim old Knights and lazy looking court favorites, whose portraits and arms occupied the four sides of the room in the order in which, for many centuries, they had succeeded to the command—brought to a conclusion at the happy moment indicated by the accomodations of the wall, which was fairly used up in the commemoration of the rule of foreign governors! It was stated that two or three other Professors of the Gymnasium, were about to emigrate to America.

The road to Basle passes by the lake of Berne, without allowing more than a glance at the little island which Rosseau has celebrated, and soon enters the Munster Thal—passing a succession of very singular vallies, which, perhaps, partake only the peculiarity of the Jura range. These are distinguished not only for their depth, and the precipitousness of the mountain sides that hem them in, but for the castellated form of the rocks, which are easily confounded with the old castles that here and there overhang the way. Satiated with picturesque effects, as every sensitive traveller must be upon leaving Switzerland, yet there is a beauty and novelty about this passage, which puts new edge upon his appetite. To *enter* Switzerland by this road must be extremely exciting. Let no one undertake to go from Neufchatel to Basle, (we did) in one day. There is enough to occupy two; and whoever can walk through the Munster Thal, makes a mistake not to do it.

Basle possesses a cathedral, which for those unspoiled by the churches of Italy, richly rewards a visit—a spirit of restoration has daubed over the rich old stone, inside and out with red paint. The tomb of Erasmus consecrates this edifice. Near the cathedral, in a rickety old building, a collection of Holbein's pictures is to be seen. With a very few exceptions, these works did not seem to us worthy of his reputation, nor equal to the scattered pictures by this great master, which are to be seen in the various galleries of Europe. In the Bodleian library at Oxford, various portraits by Holbein produced an impression on us, which almost none others have equalled. We were correspondingly disappointed at the general inferiority of the gallery at Basle. The "Dance of Death," is after all a disagreeable subject, and the idea of it is played upon to fatigue and disgust, in the famous picture which forms the central interest of this collection. It is now ascertained, that this picture is older than Holbein, although usually ascribed to him. The traveller will see little in Basle to reward him for leaving the promenade in the rear of Trois Rois, one of the best Hotels in Europe, that turns the the Rhine, whose majestic current forms the chief feature.

H. W. B.

The rail-road, carried us in about five hours from Basle to Strasburg. We were much struck with the excellence of the carriages, the orderly arrangement of the trains, the punctuality and precision of all the functionaries, and this may be said of all the rail-roads along the Rhine, as far as our experience goes. The roads themselves are not as steady as the English roads, although quite as firm as the American. But in all other respects, the German rail-roads seemed to us, to have the advantage of any we had ever journeyed on. The depots without being as expensive as the English, are more tasteful, equally suitable externally, and far more pleasantly and conveniently arranged within, while the universal custom of adorning the grounds about them with flower-beds, so as to make the stopping of the train a perpetual pleasure, adds a peculiar charm. In another respect they have a great superiority. The cars are divided, as in England, into three or four classes, at different rates; but while in England it seems to be the object of the corporations to make all except the first class as uncomfortable as possible, in Germany the second class is, in every respect, as truly comfortable as the first, the only difference being in certain articles of furniture, confined to the first, such as a mirror and table, and a richer stuff to the cushions, which pride may covet as luxuries, but which do not affect the real comfort of the journey, the seats being as soft, the windows as large, the ventilation as complete in the second as in the first class. Even the third class of cars, in which we saw many persons riding, of the most unquestionable respectability, are superior in comfort to most of the second class in England. It is proper to add, that about the same difference in the fare of the various classes exists in the German and English roads, although the general rate seemed cheaper in Germany. We noticed that the engines were all of English manufacture. The company between Basle and Strasburg complained that the travel did not pay the expenses this year—the refrain of all the hotels in these perilous times.

We were taken quite by surprise, by the attractive appearance of Strasburg, which, apart from its cathedral and Pengoed pies, had no established character in our eyes. Its streets wore a busier and more cheerful air than any city we had seen for some months; its shops were gay and tasteful, and a general appearance of prosperity marked it. Unlike most other thoroughly fortified towns, whose moats and walls seem as fatal to friends within as offensive to foes without, and which usually serve to keep commerce as well as enemies at a distance. Strasburg seems to flourish, even though a fortification. The monument of Marshal Saxe, which all strangers visit, is a very elaborate affair, with great merit in the different parts and in the general execution, but with one or two serious blemishes, such as the introduction of Death in the form of a skeleton, beckoning the Marshal to the tomb which he holds open for him—an idea as poor and threadbare in conception as it is disgusting in effect. Hercules leaning on his

shaken the dust from us, than we hastened round to see all that could be seen of the famous edifice that had brought us to Starsburg. The moon was an hour high, and fell upon one side of this grand structure, as we approached it standing in deep shadow on the other side. Certainly no building we had ever seen so instantly justified its reputation, and met the large demands of our excited imaginations. It was grander in its proportions, more suitably placed, more unique in its effect, than anything we had conceived. As we stood in the awful shadow of its front, and felt the simple effect of its shapely and gigantic outlines, we almost dreaded the full light of the morning, lest it should dispel the charm that was on us, and indeed this is sometimes lost by a full light; for the multiplicity and intricacy of lines and ornaments that cover the cathedral as with a web of stone, do detract from its effectiveness, exquisite as they are in themselves. Nothing can exceed the airiness and delicacy of the ornamental work, the grace and richness of the parapets, the tracery of the windows, the interlacing of the exquisite lines that veil the facade. The cathedral looks like a monstrous monolith, carved with a Chinese patience and skill, layer within layer, until all its solidity had dissolved into a deep filagree of stone. The spire is as delicate in its lines as if made of cast iron, which, indeed, it too closely resembles in color and appearance. Something of the majesty, which the grand proportions of the building possess, is unquestionably lost in the marvellous lightness which its workmanship possesses. But if this is a defect, the interior restores the balance. It is simple, majestic, vast. In proportions, no interior we have seen is so fine. True, it is a naked building, and lacks the finished air of St. Peter's. But in religious effectiveness it far surpasses it. The oldest part of the building seemed to us finest; that which dates back to the days of Charlemagne.

The barrenness of the cathedral in monuments, pictures, or even the showy paraphernalia of the Catholic worship, is remarkable, but it leaves the genius of the architect in the unsupported attitude in which it might proudly and justifiably wish to stand.

The great bauble of the cathedral is its famous clock, out-doing, in the complication of its movements, all the clocks that were ever conceived. It seems to come fearfully near possessing a mechanical soul, and that "faculty of thinking" which Locke thought might be conferred (not by man) upon a lump of matter. Not to speak of the automata that move upon its front—the procession of the apostles at twelve o'clock that pass before the Saviour, saluting him with their knee, and receiving his blessing—the angel that then turns the hour-glass, or the angel that strikes his bell for the quarters, not to mention the chariots with the heathen gods that represent the days of the week, and appear in due order as they pass—or above all, of the wonderful cock that claps his wings, and crows three times at noon, in a way to deceive the fowls on the dung-hills about—it would be unjust to withhold the fact that this clock calculates and announces eclipses, shows the exact state of the moon by a golden ball, which waxes and wanes with the real luminary, and in fact, is as wonderful in its own way as the cathedral itself; indeed more wonderful, if a vast crowd of men, women, and children, whom we joined in watching its intelligent movements at noon, be admitted as competent witnesses and judges in the case.

Our next move was to Baden-Baden, of which we will speak in another letter in connection with the other German watering-places.

We passed a half-day and night at Heidelburg, visiting the magnificent ruin, and half understanding how the charm and splendor of the castle—more elegant in its decay than most princely residences in their best estate—should have thrown such an interest round the dull old town itself, and made it the theme of such extravagant praise. For ourselves, if we could live at the castle, we should be glad to live in Heidleburg; but nowhere else in it. With the exception of one ancient building, now a hotel, which we must own is the most charming of all old houses we ever saw, there is not an interesting edifice in the town, and its vaunted situation seemed to us no better than a thousand others. The river on which it lies is not a handsome stream, and the town itself is, instead of what we looked for, i. e. a rural place, with room to breathe, gardens and other such delights, a cramped up, gouty little place; in short, of all things in the world most disagreeable, a little city, just as narrow, dark and dirty, as if it had attractions, comforts, luxuries, and conveniences, which in some degree compensate for these evils in a metropolis. We shall not forgive our friends for the eulogies which made our disappointment here a bitter one, and we are perhaps maliciously disparaging the place in consequence. [Christian Inquirer.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1848.

THE NAME OF JEHOVAH IN HIS HUMANITY.

This is the title of Mr. Noble's seventh Lecture. We seek not to controvert his views in order to establish our own instead, but to justify the ground of the Unitarian faith in respect to the person of Jesus, and thereby conciliate charity, prevent excision of any part of the body of Christ, and promote unity. Both the Old Church, and the New even more than the Old, with whatever pity or kindness cherished, exclude Unitarians from their fellowship, deny to them the Christian name. If we really belong to the body of Christ, they commit a terrible wrong against us, and against both their and our common Lord.

We wonder at the position of the church the more, since it is so plainly taught that God is Love; that he who dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God; that by love to man is love to God perfected. He who truly loves man, loves God, is a child of God; and though his views of God are in many respects imperfect or erroneous, he possesses that which is the purifier of the mind. He will one day, if not here yet hereafter, see Jesus as he is, and rejoice to acknowledge Him to be what he is seen to be.

As Love is a thing of degrees, in some wider and deeper and stronger than in others, so doubtless it depends much on the views of God which the mind receives, but more on action—more on the active manifestation of love to God in keeping his commandments. We may look upward, and seem to see God and Christ identical, and say, Lord, Lord; and yet he who gives a cup of cold water to a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall better understand the Divine mind and better comprehend the spirit of Christ.

Nor do we believe that in the matter of actual conception of those qualities in Christ that most excite love and reverence and gratitude,—that is, in those characteristics of the Christ which fall within the sphere of intelligent thought,—Christians differ much; or, if they do, they come to the same moral results in partaking what of his image man is capable of receiving.

With these views, as expressive of the subordination in which we hold all questions of Christ's rank, compared with his moral beauty and glory apprehended by finite minds, we revert to the Lecture before us. We concede and say from sincere conviction, that the question is one of Bible affirmation. Were it not for the historical record, or the Scriptural declarations, we should know nothing of the person Jesus CHRIST.—Now by way of demonstrating that Unitarians, to be consistent, must "abandon all regard for the Scriptures," Mr. Noble asserts with characteristic positiveness, that "even Deists discern that the Scriptures do most unquestionably ascribe Divinity to the Lord Jesus Christ." And he adds the following anecdote:

"The celebrated Dr. Priestley addressed a publication to the Jews telling them that .... there was nothing to prevent the Jews from becoming Christians upon the Unitarian principle; to which his Jewish answerer replied, that it was impossible for the Jews ever to become Unitarians, since, if they were to receive the New Testament at all, they must acknowledge the doctrine which it so plainly inculcates of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and he expressed great surprise that Dr. Priestley could deny this doctrine, while he professed to acknowledge the authority of the New Testament."

Now what is this more than a Jewish cavil! What more than the manifestation of the same spirit which falsely asserted that Jesus made himself God, when he only declared himself the *Son* of God? We have no sort of evidence that Dr. Priestley's opponent made his reply from sincere convictions upon the subject, but only to parry an argument.

The Scripture proof which Mr. Noble puts forth in this Lecture is that which he takes for his text—Rev. I. 17,18,—"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the First and the Last; I am he that liveth, and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." *I am the First and the Last*,—this is Mr. Noble's proof that Christ is Jehovah.

Now we observe 1st, that this appellation is used only in the book of Revelation, and in two instances in the Prophecies of Isaiah, (44: 16. 48: 12.) It is therefore not a *common* appellation of Deity.

2ndly, There are things asserted of God which are necessarily asserted also of man made in the divine image, and therefore are not distinguishing attributes of God only.

3rdly, The same things asserted of God and of man admit and require often a different interpretation in the respective applications.

With these postulates, we come legitimately to the conclusion, that the application of the phrase, "I am the First and the Last," does not prove that Christ is God.

But we proceed further to say, that there are adjunct and explanatory clauses in connection, which, placed as they are, forbid the inference that Christ is God. He declares, "I am he that was dead." Did the living Jehovah ever die! If the heart can say this reverently, we nevertheless insist that the language is blasphemy.

Conceding the fact, that the phrase "I am the First and the Last," is used of God, can it here significantly be applied to Jesus not as God?—It may mean, and we think it does, the First and Last Messiah. None came before him, none shall come after him. He died and the hopes of his disciples perished. He liveth evermore in the heavens, conducting, under God his Father, his new kingdom. He shall reign until death and hell and every other foe shall be under his feet; and "when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

Looking to Jesus as the First and Last Messiah, as God's sole great Ambassador to man—in whom is begun, continued and perfected the Christian dispensation—is there no significance to the mind of the believer? Nay, while others are contending that it declares Christ's divinity, may there not be more of Christ's spirit in many a one who, reverently contemplating him as the First and Only and Last Messiah, does the will of the Father who sent him!

One remark, in conclusion, as to the negations of Unitarianism. We argue from time to time, (the position taken by others compels us to it,) that Christ is not the supreme God. That is, our position is here that of denial—but this is only an occasional position, it is not permanent We affirm that Jesus is the Son of God, the Savior of the World; and Unitarians dwell in their private thoughts and in their public teachings more on this, than they dispute the views of others. They deny, in opposition to others, that Christ is God; they bow themselves to God in subjection to the word divinely given by his Son. The one state is occasional and negative; the other positive, permanent, and, if not uninterrupted, at least general.

MISSION TO THE JEWS.—MISS MARTINEAU.

We have admitted the communication which appears on the first page of this week's paper, not because it expresses our own views, nor because we think it a matter of expediency or duty to oppose Foreign Missions, but chiefly for two reasons: 1st, because having declined two previous communications on that side of the question, we do not wish to expose ourselves to any charge of shutting out truth from the columns of the Register; 2ndly, we hope satisfactorily to show the fallacy of the positions assumed in the communication.

Says Miss Martineau, "Those who are intimate with the minds of educated and conscientious Jews, are aware that such cannot be converted to Christianity." Now if there stood forth only two such examples as *Saul of Tarsus* in the first century, and *John William Augustus Neander*, the Historian of the Church, in this nineteenth century, they would be a sufficient refutation of Miss Martineau's assertion. But neither the name of Saul of Tarsus in the first, nor of Neander in the nineteenth century, are the only trophies to the power of the Christian faith upon the minds of educated and conscientious Jews. It is indeed true, that in the long lapse of time between these great names, there have been but few Jewish converts to Christianity. But in the first century the annals of the Church show very many, and within the last thirty years the early power of the Gospel is beginning to be revived among that remarkable people with whom it first commenced.

Says Miss Martineau further, "The very foundation of their faith cannot support that superstructure" [i. e. Christianity.] We are amazed at the rashness, or the superficial observation, which such a remark discloses. If this were the place, or if it were needed, we would undertake to show that the same God spake by the prophets under the Jewish dispensation, and by his Son in the New; that the GOSPEL was preached unto Abraham in constituting him the head of the Jewish nation; that Abraham's faith was the germ of the Christian; that the Jewish religion is the tree into which is engrafted the scion of Christianity; that Christian fruits are from Christian branches in a Jewish stock; that the Jewish religion was to the Christian as the first rays of morning to the perfect day. But it is enough for our present purpose that we speak to those who accept Christianity, and who believe that the Old and New Testaments contain a record of inspiration. And we refer them to the clear and absolute declarations of the New Testament on the subject—to the words of Jesus,—"Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me;" and to the very full arguments of the apostle Paul in his epistles to the Romans and to the Galatians. But, we repeat, it were the easiest task to show, independently of the question of the *authority* whether of the Old Testament or the New, that the foundation of the latter is the former; that one is the complement of the other; that Judaism looks forward to something else for its completion, and finds it in Christianity; that while the Law came by Moses, and grace and truth by Jesus Christ, the Law was a school-master to bring us unto Christ.

Perhaps we ought not to have expressed amazement at the rashness of Miss Martineau's observation. Her book—"Society in America"—ought to have prepared us to expect any rashness or inaccuracy, and any failure in carrying into action her principles "How to Observe."—And the present work on "Eastern Life," in which she regards Christianity only as an electicism in which Jesus "gathered unto himself and assimilated all that was true, deep, noble, and endearing in the wisdom of the Egyptians, the science of the Assyrians, the philosophy of the Greeks, and the new strict monotheism of the Hebrews, and gave it forth again in such a music of Glad Tidings," (p. 403)—we say that such an explanation of Christianity, so unphilosophical and inadequate and unsatisfactory, is only a further manifestation of her hasty observation, and of course ought to prepare any one to receive, without surprise, such remarks from her as we have just been considering.

In respect to her observation upon the inconveniences resulting to Jews from adopting Christianity, we admit they are serious; but we can only refer to what the MASTER says upon the subject. As to the plan which, she informs us, is in contemplation for the removal of some of these inconveniences, we reprobate it as much as she does, if it be a fact that a plan so preposterous as a "House of Industry" for Jewish converts is seriously contemplated. But we fear she may have given a bad name to something that really promises good.

On the subject of the conversion of the Jews to Christianity, we confess we are among those who believe it will be accomplished; who see the day for it approaching; who accept the predictions both of Jesus, that they shall say,—"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord;" and of St. Paul in the eleventh chapter of his epistle to the Romans, that their blindness is only until the fulness of the Gospel shall come in—and then all Israel shall be saved.

If Miss Martineau had said that intelligent Jews could not in general be converted to the doctrines which the Church at large insist on as Christianity, but which in truth are not, we should not dissent. Christianity, as now interpreted by the Church, involving the doctrines of the Trinity, plenary inspiration, &c., the Jews as a nation will *never* accept. And it is a remarkable fact, that the recent instances of conversion have been mostly in Germany, where the doctrines of Christianity are modified by the rational element, and stripped of many ancient corruptions Neander, one of the noblest trophies to the Christian name, is *not* a *Trinitarian* in the Orthodox [illegible] of the term.

We will not say that even if a pure faith could be presented to the Jews, they would all, or even generally, now accept it. There are great prejudices to be removed; the remembrance of wrongs received from nominally Christian nations. Being Jews as a people, and looking on other people according to the name of the faith professed, they consider that as the act of Christians, which in truth is done only because those who do it are not Christians. But by and by the vail will be taken away, and they will accept Jesus as their long expected Messiah.

We shall have something to say in another article, on the general subject of Foreign Missions.

FAMILIES OF DECEASED MINISTERS.

Our readers perhaps remember, that at the last Ministerial Conference, some action was taken on the subject of the support of ministers who were set aside from labor. The following from the N. Y. Evangelist is on a kindred subject, which we commend to our readers, and especially to our ministerial brethren.

The Synods of Cincinnati and of Kentucky, have taken some action on a subject which has affecting claims upon Christians, but which has been sadly overlooked—making provision for the families of deceased ministers. One of these Synods appointed a committee to report on the subject at the next meeting: and the other appointed a standing committee empowered to raise a fund, to be styled "the Widows and Orphans' Fund," which it is proposed to raise and sustain by annual collections in each of the churches belonging to the Synod, each Presbytery pledging itself that the aggregate of the collections within its bounds shall not be less than five dollars per annum for each church and minister. Families of those deceased ministers who have themselves statedly contributed to the fund, are to be permitted to draw from the fund, in proportion to donations, irrespective of their condition; and the families of others who may be needy are to be supplied as the fund allows, for a definite period. We should suppose the plan to be an excellent one. Certainly the object it aims at is most desirable. It would nerve the arm and quicken the zeal of many a minister, if he could but feel secure of bread for those whom he loves, if removed by death. [N. Y. Evangelist.

MURDER OF A MISSIONARY. We regret to learn from the Louisville Courier that Rev Daniel Baker, who has been laboring as a missionary, under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Missions for some months past in Texas, was murdered in cold blood by the Camanche Indians, on his way from San Antonio de Bexar to Victoria. He was also scalped by the savages. The same band killed about twenty persons in the vicinity a few days previous to his death. He was one of the most extensively known, laborious and generally beloved ministers of the Presbyterian Church, having for years been pastor of a church in Washington city. From that place he was called to Holly Springs, in Miss., where he remained until he went to Texas. [Louis. Cour.

We became personally acquainted with Mr. Baker, in the year 1830—31, at Savannah, and saw him afterwards in Liberty Co., Ga.—He was all that he is above described—patient of toil—regardless of ease—self-sacrificing—earnest—his sole aim to win his fellowmen to become Christians.

We feel a pang at the manner of his death. Reasoning as our Orthodox friends sometimes do, we should say, The Lord hath a controversy with the churches who send out their missionaries, perhaps in respect to the *manner* of conducting missions, or in rebuke of wrongs allowed to exist, or of the spirit reigning in the churches. But in truth no strange thing has happened. The murdered men and women are a part of the noble army of martyrs who but follow their leader; they have taken as disciples the cup of bitterness from the Master's hand; they have also gone to share his cup of joy.

For the Register.

RECONCILIATION WITH GOD.

Among the strong expressions of the Bible, to be interpreted with considerate qualification as not intending all they seem to speak, are those about our reconciliation with God, our being at peace with him or at enmity, &c.

It may be doubted if any one can strictly and literally be an enemy of God. No one can hate him with a sane mind. For he is perfect goodness, and it seems impossible to feel unkindly toward perfect goodness, if we understand ourselves. We may have our antipathy excited against a character ascribed to God, investing him with the attributes of a capricious illnatured tyrant; but this is not hating God. We do not really think of Him at all when we think of this repulsive phantom conjured up by gloomy imaginations. We cannot think of Him as he truly is, without complacency.

But it is no less certain that the Scriptures speak of wicked men, in a figurative sense, as the enemies of God, and needing to be reconciled to Him. This means that they treat his wishes and commandments with as little regard as if they were enemies. If not opposed to him, they certainly are alienated from him. They pay no deference to his authority, and think of him as little as possible. This is the case with most of us in the former part of our lives. God is not in our thoughts. We do not love Him. Our object in life is not to serve Him, but to please ourselves, without a moment's thought whether the same thing that pleases us will please him or not. In this state of mind we are unreconciled to God, according to the Scriptures. There is a change necessary in the whole prevailing habit of our thoughts. We need to consider seriously that a certain deference is due to divine authority; that a tender love is due to divine goodness, which we have never paid. When we are brought seriously to consider this unpaid debt, this is called being under conviction. We have then to resolve that we will have done with this ungracious, stupid heedlessness—that we will live no longer, like the irrational brutes, without reflection, without gratitude, without the exercise of moral powers toward Him who has distinguished our nature by these, from that of so many thousand inferior creatures. We have to purpose living unto Him as our supreme aim, allowing ourselves in no act disagreeable to Him, estimating no enjoyment above the consciousness of possessing His favor. Then we are at peace with Him.

It is of course a very important question, are we reconciled to God, or are we not?—reconciled to his will—whatever it may be during all the vicissitudes of the world, reconciled to doing that will and to suffering that will? He that indulges deliberately in any criminal habit is plainly not reconciled. And it is as plain, though often overlooked, that he who permits himself to find fault angrily with any of the allotments of Providence, is as little reconciled to his will. Such a person may imagine himself exemplarily devout, an elected child of grace, and an assured inheriter of the kingdom of Heaven, and yet if he be discontented and fretful, even though he allow not his peevishness to trouble any human being, he may be as little reconciled to God as some who commit gross immoralities. To these he may never have been tempted. If he had been, it is obvious the will of God would not have proved any effectual impediment to their commission. I refer of course to wilful and perverse illhumor. Great allowance is always to be made for the despondence and irritability of a morbid temperament. It is only their unrestrained indulgence that is sinful: and that is sinful to the extent of declaring war against God and his providences.

This subject then, of reconciliation with God, has claims upon the attention of all. The single glance at it which has been taken is sufficient, in the language of the New Testament, to conclude all under sin: for there is no one probably who does not stand in need of a reconciliation with the Governor of the world on some points of his disposition or temper. This reconciliation is not one separate instantaneous act. The resolution to serve God is so; but it is the work of a life to beat down vice after vice, and foible after foible, in our character; and not thinking the work is done when there are no outrageous violations of morality in us warring against Heaven, to extend and complete the articles of pacification by surrendering at discretion every defect or weakness of thought, word or deed. They are all sins against God. They all, the very least of them, do their part to mar the harmony between his and our spirits. They spoil all sympathy.

Every interest prompts us, every duty calls upon us, to hush up this rebellious war, and make peace with our King and Judge; but God sues to us for reconciliation, seeming to forget that he is our King and Judge, and stretching out a Father's arms to us. What an affecting inducement he presents to us to reconciliation in the view he has been pleased to take of the matter in his holy Word. His language graciously puts it on the ground that he wishes to receive a favor from us. He condescends to overlook the all important circumstance, that it is we have offended him, and uses expressions implying that we are offended with him—that we need to be reconciled to him. As if he was assuming the posture of a supplicant to his ungracious children, and begged that we would be friends with him once more. For their sakes, not for his own, he thus stoops to them in the tenderness of his paternal love. This remarkable phraseology has been often overlooked by divines. They use the unscriptural and preposterous expression, 'Christ made atonement to God for us,' without considering that *atonement*, in the single place where it occurs in our version of the New Testament, is a translation of the same Greek word which every where else is translated *reconciliation*, and should be so translated there; and to say, 'Christ made reconciliation to God for us,' is hardly sense. The simple and obvious meaning of the declaration, 'by Christ we have received the atonement,' is, by him we were reconciled to God—converted from the comparative enmity which disobedience betokens to repentance, his love and willing service. The expression is always in this form; that we are to be reconciled to God, not he to us. It occurs thus several times in one and the same short passage of the Apostle Paul (2 Cor. v. 18, 19, 20), being distinctly and emphatically repeated in each verse of the passage. "God hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Could language be plainer! Need it be more affecting in its simplicity to move all that is generous in our hearts!

H. G. E.

For the Register.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHN CLARKE OF BOSTON.—NO. 2.

In the last Register we referred to Dr. Clarke as a pastor; as one of the earliest examples of that freedom and friendliness of intercourse with his people, which, far beyond any preceding times, have since marked the relations of Boston ministers with their parishioners. We are now to consider him as a preacher and a man of letters.

In a little more than a year after his death, viz., in July, 1799, there was published under the direction as we believe of a committee of his society, aided by some clerical friends, a volume of his sermons, forty-two in number, on subjects chiefly practical. These were soon followed by a smaller volume, addressed especially to the young. We remember the books at their first appearance, and the interest, which amidst the grief still recent and tender for his early death they excited. A stranger, who had never heard Dr. Clarke, and without the partialities which so often give shape to our fairest judgments, would look in vain in these discourses for the causes of the remarkable popularity of the preacher. Compared with hundreds that have been preached and printed since, with the sermons of Freeman, Buckminster, Channing, Greenwood and Ware, and of others living and dead, there cannot be claimed for them any very high distinction. Their chief merit is in the uniform seriousness, justness, and excellence of the sentiments, presented in what was then less common than now, a style of classic purity. To all this we may reasonably add as one source of their acceptance, whether as preached from the pulpit or as read in the domestic circle, (which they extensively were) their judicious brevity,—a grace which some otherwise gifted preachers have yet to comprehend or emulate, and which at that time was a most welcome relief to the inconsiderate if not inhuman inflictions of an opposite sort by some of his contemporaries.

Mr. Buckminster, in his sermon at the funeral of Mr. Emerson, in 1811, delivered just one year before his own death, in adverting to the pulpit gifts of his friend, remarks, "He was a happy example of that correct and rational style of evangelic preaching of which the yet lamented Clarke has left so fair a specimen." The tribute, as might be expected from its source, is alike just and discriminating. Of any unusual vigor of thought, or of eloquence of any sort, excepting that which comes always with the utterance of sacred truth by one who feels it, the discourses in the volumes in question furnish no examples. For their singular uniformity of tone from beginning to end, the conclusion varying so little from the introduction in earnestness or pathos, we may easily account, if that be true which tradition has delivered, that the Rev. Clarke was accustomed to write his sermons near the beginning of the week; to finish them by Wednesday evening, so as to go to a stated meeting of his friends that night with a free heart; and to carry with him to the Thursday Lecture all stitched and covered, the new and fair manuscript of his sermon for the ensuing Sunday. How must the spectacle—for it is added that with modest exultation he sometimes produced it—have kindled the wonder of his brethren, possibly not wholly unmixed with envy in those,—of whom the generation survives,—who postpone their preparations to the latest hour, and over whom the shades even of Saturday night have fallen before they have recorded, however deeply they may have meditated, their text. But in all justice to such let it be confessed, that he who indites his sermons, as did this methodical and exemplary divine full three days before the hour of utterance, shall like him transfer the composure of his spirit to the composure of his sermons, and never need fear of falling into the fetvors, still less the extravagances, of an impassioned eloquence.

To account, therefore, for the popularity of Dr. Clarke, called as he often was, "the admired preacher," we must take into view the times in which he lived, when the general strain of the pulpit differed widely from the present; his own time of life, which even at its close had scarcely reached its meridian; the tones of his voice, melodious even to a certain warbling; his pure, condensed, and classic style, then attained by few, not even sought by many; and perhaps above them all, the loving hearts of his hearers, assuring for him a welcome wherever he appeared and a delighted acceptance of all he uttered. "We have had a most excellent sermon to-day," was the invariable remark of the senior Deacon of the church, as he passed after service by the pew of a venerable matron, herself a fervent admirer of her minister, and the answer she gave, which entered fully into the young ears of the present witness, was invariably the same.—"A most excellent sermon indeed, Deacon M . . . . . ! Our good minister never gives us any other."

Yet another reason might be adduced for the unusual estimation of Dr. Clarke as a preacher. When he was ordained in 1778, in the 23d year of his age, he was among the very few young men then in the Boston Association. The Pulpits both of the city and vicinity were occupied for the most part by elderly clergymen, whose voices had become familiar, whose divisions of their discourses were many, and whose lives, surely not to their dishonor may it be said, were more eloquent than their lips. Dr. Chauncy, the senior pastor of the first Church, had almost reached his three-score years and ten when he received a colleague; and with gifts and learning that have given him renown in all the churches, could hardly have been attractive to the young. Mr. Emerson, in his history of that church, has faithfully described him as a "plain earnest preacher solicitous for the success of his labors. But" adds he, "he made no effort at fine writing, and had no taste for rhetoric, which he looked upon rather as a perverter of reason and an inflamer of the passions than an instrument of good to mankind. It was reported of him, that he would sometimes beseech God never to make him an orator. Upon which one of his friends remarked, that his prayer was unequivocally granted." In the beginning, and even when well advanced in his discourses, he was content to "travel out," if the phrase may be admitted, a solid mass of common-place in the most common way, but he warmed as he proceeded; he had always before him a well-considered subject, and if the patience of the hearer could but have its perfect work, he would be compensated for his pains before the hour was over.

"The spirit of a man," or his prevailing turn, may sometimes be discovered by trivial circumstances, especially in the conduct of his profession: in a physician by his writing of a prescription; in lawyers by their differing degrees of courtesy in inditing a troublesome letter, summoning to payment or to judgment. In a clergyman it may not be obscurely exhibited by his choice of texts on peculiar occasions. This was signally exemplified in one instance by Dr. Chauncy and his youthful colleague. The Work-House in Boston, then situated next to the Alms-House, and both on the site of what is now Park street, occupied with houses and inhabitants of a somewhat different description, was the abode of subjects, both male and female, who, according to their offences, were sentenced to imprisonment and labor, to which if they proved refractory, as was sometimes the case with either sex, were added, at the discretion of the Master, the inflictions of the whipping post. Now to the inmates of this dwelling it was customary for the clergy of the town to preach in turn on the evenings of the Sunday. Accordingly, the two colleagues, the venerable Dr. Chauncy and the accomplished Mr. Clarke officiated with other brethren: and the texts selected by these gentlemen, in one of their turns, were highly characteristic of both. Mr. Clarke in the very fullness of his gentleness and courtesy, addressing himself chiefly to the frailer portion of his hearers, exhibited for his text and their instruction a part of Solomon's well-known description of a virtuous woman, industriously at work with her maidens and presiding gracefully over her house-hold. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff," see Proverbs xxxi. 19.—When Dr. Chauncy came, fixing his regards chiefly upon the male portion of his audience, and not suffering from any excess of sympathy for the other, he preached from the words of the apostle to the Thessalonians, "If any man would not work, neither should he eat."

It must be conceded, that the humanity of the younger preacher, on the occasion, tempted him to a somewhat overstrained courtesy; inasmuch as the persons, for whose benefit the text was selected, had been sentenced for their misdeeds to confinement in a work-house, which, as then conducted, differed little from a prison house; and that the peculiar work to which they were sentenced, and which, being refused or carelessly performed, incurred the penalty of stripes, was not "the making of linen," or the working in muslin, or any other such lady-like employment, but—the recorded sentence of justice permits no doubt of its nature—"*the picking of oakum.*"

But the gentleness and courtesy of this excellent person were never at the expense of his honesty. While the law of kindness was on his lips, the law of truth was still in his heart; and he never permitted himself, from a desire to please, to overlook or confound moral distinctions. Having in a circle of friends spoken in terms of decided censure of the character of one, whom nobody could praise, a lady, who was present, undertook to be offended, and remonstrated with Dr. Clarke on the freedom with which he had spoken of her brother. "Madam," replied he, "had I known, that the gentleman was your brother, I should perhaps have forborne expressing my opinion, for I would not unnecessarily give pain to any one. But now that my opinion has been uttered, and I believe it to be just, your relationship to that individual cannot alter it."

We have yet to speak of Dr. Clarke as an author and a man of letters; and in another Register shall refer to his excellent Tract in answer to the question "Why are you a Christian," which in its day was widely circulated both at home and abroad, and to his "beautiful Letters," as they have been justly designated "to a student in the University of Cambridge."

F. P.

For the Register.

SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL.

We have before us the Annual Report of the Select Committee of the "Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America," drawn up by its Secretary, Rev. Dr. Parkman. We thank the friend who sent us this copy; for so silent and unobtrusive are the operations of this excellent institution, that were it not for their annual Reports, we should scarcely know of, or remember its existence.

This Society is one of the fruits of our wise, far-sighted, and benevolent forefathers. It is now almost venerable by its age, having been established for more than sixty years; and nothing is more gratifying than to learn that after a lapse of more than half a century, its funds have not only been preserved, but also, much enlarged by careful and faithful management, and generous donations. In 1844 the whole amount of its funds was, $37,378, 82, and now in 1848, it is more than $51,000, an increase of about $13,000, or one quarter part of the whole.

The Society, as it appears from this report, have no less than *fourteen* persons, ministers or teachers, in its employ, and supported in part from their funds; and as we have read their several official communications, our hearts have glowed within us in view of their zeal, their knowledge, their wisdom, their piety and devotedness. And yet, as well as the account of their labors appears on paper, we are persuaded that the half has not been told us. We judge so, because it so happens, that having some knowledge of one of these missions, and the labors of its missionary, we said, after reading his first report, how far short this falls of the reality! We allude to the one in the young, but rapidly growing State of Michigan. Here was a large township (Manchester,) a portion of whose people, with limited means, had nevertheless, at great personal sacrifice, erected for themselves a church, that they might be edified and blessed with the privileges of a wise and able Gospel Ministry. But all which they could hope to raise, annually, for the support of a preacher, would not much exceed a single *hundred* dollars. With such a sum they could hope to obtain only the most ordinary ministrations, and these only for a portion of the year, and at uncertain intervals. But by the aid of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel," small as it necessarily must be, but which, on application, was readily and liberally granted, they were enabled to secure the constant services of an able and good man. Fortunately for them, there lived at a village in their own township, seven miles distant, a preacher of liberal education and of fine talents, but whose strongest desire was to be good and useful, as he has opportunity. For the small additional sum which this Society could add to the still smaller one raised by this people he was willing to become their Missionary, to preach to this people, travelling fourteen miles every Sunday, all the year round. Besides this, the people of his own village (Clinton) are building a new church, in which he hopes to preach a portion of the time, having already commenced the work, and also at other places as he may have opportunity. The Society at Manchester is composed of a larger proportion than any other of the more intelligent and respected of the inhabitants. They are the "salt of Manchester," and it is believed that they will soon become a self supporting Society. Rev. Mr. Adam is a gifted preacher, which obviates one of the great objections to the ministry in the far West, where, too often, there is not only the lack of the necessary talent, but also of the necessary learning. During the past summer he was invited to deliver the oration before the Alumni of the University of Michigan, situated at Ann Harbor. This is a proof of the estimation in which he is held as a scholar there. His subject was "Requisites to the Highest Culture, or, to a thoroughly educated mind." It was received with the highest commendation for its wisdom and practical character, and a favorable notice of it appeared afterwards, in the New York Evangelist. The points most strongly and boldly insisted on, were, the love of truth and the spirit of free Inquiry. Besides this, he has delivered in several places a lecture "on the Essentials or Elements of Prosperity in the District-School and the School-District," and knowing the deficiencies and wants of this great and growing people, he will press upon their attention, on every proper occasion, the great themes of Education and Practical Religion. We look forward to great and good results from this ministry, and we rejoice that we have in our midst a Society who are able and willing to encourage these distant people in the establishment and enjoyment of Christian Institutions, and an educated and pious ministry. C.

For the Register.

DEDICATION AT UPTON.

The First Unitarian Church in Upton, was dedicated Thursday, December 14, 1848. The following was the order of exercises.

I. Voluntary by the Choir. II. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Edmund B. Willson, of Grafton. III. Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. G. W. Stacy, of Milford. IV. Original Hymn, by Rev. Edward E. Hale, of Worcester:

O Father, when Thy morning light
Thy children wakes to closet prayer,
Alone to thank Thee for the night,
Alone each finds Thee present there.

And when, beneath the prayer-blessed roof,
Father and children bend the knee,
Uniting all to praise Thy love,
That love they find;—they welcome Thee.

So, Father, consecrate this shrine!
So to this new-built temple come!
Join each to each with Love Divine,
One household in a larger home.

Grant it, great God! that peace so dear,
Which pride or fancy never knows;
Grant we may feel Thee ever here,
To bless our smiles,—to soothe our woes.

Thy still, small voice pierce every heart,
And in its accents Life be given!
That we may know that here Thou art,
Find here and now the gate of heaven.

V. Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Alonzo Hill of Worcester. VI. Select Hymn, by Rev. John Pierpont.

"O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung."

VII. Sermon, by Rev. William C. Tenney, of Upton. VIII. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Joseph Allen, D. D., of Northborough. IX. Ascription. X. Benediction.

The new Church is 70 feet by 45, and contains 70 pews, and a gallery for singers. Its whole cost is a little more than six thousand dollars. In May 1847, the First Unitarian Society was formed with thirty-seven members, and public worship was commenced in a hall the month succeeding, under the ministrations of Mr. George G. Channing. An attempt, made soon after, to raise funds for the erection of a house of worship, was successful beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, and showed, as almost every step taken from the beginning has done, what a few stout-hearted and persevering men can do. The Society now numbers eighty members—is united, spirited, free from debt, with every prospect of permanence and prosperity. May the faint-hearted in other places take courage from their example.

W. C. T.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The North British Review. Nov. 1848.

We have often commended this periodical.—This last No. is as good as any that has preceded it. The Treatment of Juvenile Criminals; Historical Foundation of the Church of Rome; Life of Keats; Authorship of Junius elucidated; Sir Wm. Hamilton and Dr. Reid: Chas. Lamb and his friends; The Castlereigh Papers; State and prospects of Germany, are the subjects discussed. It can be found at T. Wiley's (who is the agent,) together with the London Quarterly, Edinburg and Westminister, all for eight dollars; or for ten, including Blackwood. See his advertisement for these and other Periodicals. The time approaches for making new subscriptions.

Miriam: A Dramatic Poem. By the author of "Joanna of Naples." Second edition, revised. Boston: William Crosby and H. P. Nichols. 1849.

This Poem was intended to illustrate the state of things which actually existed when Christianity was struggling for life under the persecution of triumphant Heathenism. Written more than twenty years ago, and first published twelve years afterward, it has the exuberance and glow of youth; and though we know its author can now produce better things, we shall not be willing to part with this earlier effort of her vigorous and felicitous pen.

The Eskdale Herd-Boy; A Scottish tale, for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons. By Lady Stoddart. (Mrs. Blackford) Boston: William Crosby and H. C. Nichols. 1849.

This is a little book in which the Scottish character and manners, early integrity and rectitude, filial obedience, prudence, energy, the consequences of self-will and disobedience, are exemplified in characters skillfully arranged and well sustained.

Proverbs for the People: or Illustrations of Practical Godliness, drawn from the Book of Wisdom. By E. L. Magoon, Author of "the Orators of the American Revolution." Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, 59 Washington St, 1849. 12 mo. pp. 272.

A book, full of wholesome practical truths uttered in a very original manner. It is full of wisdom, full of good sense, strong, shrewd, effective. The author is a Rembrant in moral painting; and he presents a variety of portraits drawn with terrible distinctness of features and with strong contrasts of light and shade. Mr. Magoon paints human nature, nor does he spare faults though he finds them in the Church, but rebukes them the more earnestly.

The work is divided into eighteen chapters.—We will give a specimen of a few of the subjects: —"Captiousness, or the Censorious Man; Kindness, or the Hero who best conquers; Sobriety, or the Glory of Young Men, Vanity, or the Decorated Fool."

A paragraph or two will show the author's stand-point in regard to some important matters:

"When a religionist," says he, "is more voracious of excitement than instruction, and is much more prompt to fight for a dogma than to illustrate his intallibility by a noble demeanor, he would do well to search into the divinity of a faith which is so barren of heavenly deeds.—And again, "Religion is not so much an arbitrary assemblage of dogmas printed in a book as a living principle which always signalizes its presence in its power to inspire active magnanimity and stamp grandeur on beneficent deeds."

Well and truly spoken—nor do we see that the author sinks this key-tone, throughout the book. Mr. Magoon is pastor of the Baptist Church in Cincinnati.

The Parables of our Lord. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

This book is in imitation of the ancient black-letter illuminated missals; the printed portion occupying the body of the vellum page, (in this a very fine imitation of vellum,) surrounded by ornamental borderings like rich embroidery, with original and very appropriate designs to each of the parables. The covers of the book are very heavy, curiously indented, in imitation of carved wood. So choice a gem of the book kind forms a splendid Gift Book for Christmas. Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have it for sale.

The Rosary of Illustrations of the Bible. Edited by Rev. Edward E. Hale. Boston: Published by Phillips & Sampson. 1849. pp. 293. 8 vo.

This beautiful and choice Gift Book, (which we have received through Mr. Benj. H. Greene at whose book store it may be obtained,) consists first of an Introductory Chapter by the Editor, and then some sixty or seventy Selections, in prose and verse, from various writers; among whom are Furness, Withington, Martineau, M. Athanase Coquerel, (translated we presume by the accomplished hand of the editor,) who contribute the Prose; and Jones Very, Aubrey de Vere, Milnes, Keble, Robert Nicoll, and others, who contribute the Poetry. From the Introductory Chapter, to Nicoll's "Ha' Bible" which closes the volume, the editor has accomplished his task with excellent judgment and fine taste, and strung a Rosary of pleasant themes, elevating thoughts and pure aspirations, which the young may take into their hands with pleasure, who rejoice in the day of their youth; the imagination and taste, the intellect and affections, find nourishment and the means of culture; the afflicted take up to obtain "solace in sorrow;" the aged receive a help to grateful remembrances and cheerful hopes. There is great variety suited to different persons, and to various moods of mind and heart in the same person, and different conditions in life.

We may be permitted to relate an incident showing its adaptedness to meet varied wants. As it lay on our table at home, it chanced to be taken up by a venerable matron who opened at "Solace in Sorrow," (p. 53,) and was deeply interested in the thoughts there presented. She was soon to have occasion for solace; for on that same day the news was brought to her that she was bereft of a son who had been recently wrecked and drowned. She referred to the Lines afterward as having greatly prepared her mind to receive and sustain the blow.

The embellishments are six in number, engraved on steel in a finished manner, by A. H. Ritchie, from paintings by Copley, of "Eli and Samuel;" by Vandyke, of "Hagar sent out;" by Vanloo, of "David before Saul;" by Pousin, "of the Holy Family;" by Opie, of "the Lord of the Vineyard;" by Veit, of "the Women at the Tomb." The type is large, the impressions clear and on thick paper, and the binding in Bradley's best style.

The Christian Church and Social Reform. A Discourse delivered before the Religious Union of Associationists. By William Henry Channing. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols. 1848. pp. 31.

Mr. Channing, dispensing with the usual custom of naming a text, at once presents his subject—the Relations of the Church and Socialism; which he discusses under the general heads of Realism, Christendom, The Present Period, The Position of Judge amid Revolutionary Tendencies, The Position of Prophet amid Unitary Tendencies, The Position of Mediator amid Reconciling Tendencies, The Call of the Times. This Discourse is one of great thoroughness, wholeness, unity of conception and execution; it is generous, fervid, conservative even while marked by the writer's well known views of Reform. "Let him who is prompted," says he, "from the basis of natural science or arbitrary speculation, to break up, fuse anew, and remould modern civilization after his own image, attempt it. The Realist will strive only to aid the *development* of Christendom, by blending with it his best life." Possessing such a spirit, and coming to his fellow-men as their helper in reaching a better state of things, he will not fail to be heard. And if his plans shall not all be regarded as feasible, the great ends which he seeks are the true—they are the realization of the things that prophets waited for, and the whole creation has travailed together for—The redemption of the burdened human body; the manifestation of the sons of God.

Hunt's Magazine.—December.—This No. appears with its usual fulness and variety, and contains a valuable skeleton map, showing the route of the Mobile and Ohio Rail Road, and the distances from various ports of the Gulf to Mobile.

Littell's Living Age. No. 240.—See as usual the advertisement, for the Contents.

The Glorious Stranger, a suitable holiday gift for the young, containing original articles in Prose and Verse, by E. H. Sears, S. G. Bulfinch, A. B. Muzzey, L. G. Pray and others, is shortly to be published by Crosby & Nichols.

Dr. Peabody's Sermons. We would inform our readers that the volume advertised by Mr. B. H. Greene to appear on the *tenth* of this month, containing the Memoir and Select Sermons of Rev. Dr. Peabody of Springfield, which has been expected with so much interest, may be found at his bookstore, published on this day, Saturday the *sixteenth*.

☞ Two numbers more will conclude the series of "Stray Leaves," as they appeared in the National Era. Our readers will be glad to know that this most delightful Diary is to be soon published by Ticknor & Co.

☞ We would call attention to the Sunday School Fair for Lee Street Church, Cambridge, mentioned among the notices. A Society which, though not in its origin one of the wealthiest and strongest, has done so much to sustain itself, and has manifested, as we learn, a healthy growth, and promises so well for the future, and has gathered under its shadow a large Sunday School, will, we trust, receive substantial proof from friends of an interest in its prosperity, and of a willingness to bestow timely encouragement and aid.

Gold Mines in California.—All that has been said of the richness and abundance of these mines, proves true. The influence of the discovery on the country, for good or for evil, or both, will be immense. It will hasten the settlement of our great Western border, and a great people will soon be there with our free institutions. It it will thin out New England by emigration, and this may leave a better population behind. It will open new avenues to commerce, and the gold of California will soon be in circulation in return for the manufactures and productions of the Eastern States. But judging from the example of other countries, the discovery of these gold mines may prove a great moral evil. And we confess we feel that a just Providence may even now be commencing its retributive punishment for the means by which we have come into possession of the land which yields the gold.

Mr. Lord's Lectures. We would refer our readers to the advertisement of this gentleman's course of public lectures, to begin next week.—Mr. Lord unites in himself the qualities to make him a reliable, interesting, and very instructive lecturer. He brings to his task, enthusiasm, great power of comprehension and condensation, a forcible style, and emphatic mode of delivery, together with the results of wide, thorough and liberal studies, and the advantages of travel and observation in foreign lands and intercourse with some of the best minds of the age. The subjects are announced in the advertisement; and we trust that a large attendance will be a manifestation of the interest felt in them. We assure our readers that the views which Mr. Lord will open to his audience, will acquaint them with facts, and give them impressions, which they will receive with deep gratification and prize afterwards as among their rich acquisitions.

The Independent, is the title of a new religious paper, published in New York city, and edited by Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven, Rev. Messrs. Joseph P. Thompson of New York and Richard S. Storrs, Jr., of Brooklyn. The first number was issued on Wednesday last. It will doubtless be a Journal of the first class.—If we may be allowed to allude to a recent publication of one of its editors, we hope that the Independent, entering into the great forces which shall effect, and are now affecting, the destinies of the church and nation, will one day be seen to have been an illustration of true "Christianity in History." One thing, however, we suppose we must conclude, that as in an editorial notice of the "Christian Observatory," it expresses the hope that "it will be no less formidable to the adversaries of the truth than it has been heretofore," the Independent regards us as adversaries, and those with whom we act. Be it so. We only regret that it begins its career by encouraging the slander and personal abuse indulged in by a periodical which many of its own faith not only have not approved, but have openly rebuked and condemned. A manly antagonist we fear not, nay, we like; and such, if any, we trust the Independent will be.

☞ The *New York Tribune* has recently added very much to its attractions and value, by publishing phonographic reports of sermons preached by distinguished clergymen in that city and vicinity. It commenced with a brilliant one by Rev. Henry W. Beecher, and the paper of last week contained a very fine one from Rev. Mr. Bellows preached Sunday A. M., Dec. 2, on the death of Jonathan Goodhue.

The Poor. The Ladies of Rev. Mr. Huntington's Society are getting up a Fair among themselves, the proceeds of which are to be dispensed to the meritorious American poor in the Southern portion of the city. The object is a praiseworthy one, and in excellent hands. They believe that charity should begin at home, and that

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

Fair for the Poor. The paragraph above is from the Evening Transcript of Wednesday. We are pleased to see it and wish to do what we can to call attention to the Fair. It is to be held in the vestry of Rev. Mr. Huntington's Church, (entrance on East Castle Street,) to commence on *Wednesday evening, 20th instant.*

The "South Friendly Society" is the name of an association of noble-hearted ladies, for the purpose of affording receipts, especially during the winter season, for the needy in that part of the city. Their efforts are most praiseworthy and have been the means of great relief of meritorious suffering. We sincerely hope that the present effort to recruit their funds, by means of a Fair, may be eminently successful.

☞ We would state that Henry Emmons, of this city, a printer of respectability and integrity—of the age of seventy-five years,—is *not* the Henry Emmons who was reported, in some of the papers, to have been put under bonds for passing counterfeit money.

Rev. Otis A. Skinner, pastor of the Orchardstreet Universalist Society, New York, has accepted the invitation of the Fifth Universalist Society, in Boston, where he was formerly settled, to become their pastor.

Correction. On the outside, in the article, The Author of Lacon, for "devise," read *derive*. In last week's Register, 1st editorial, for "law and custom," read *the law of custom*.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

An incident at an Installation. Rev. Alexander Wilson M'Clure, editor of the Christian Observatory, was recently installed over the same church in Malden, from which five years since he took his dismission. Says the correspondent of the N. Y. Evangelist:

"The candidate, when his confession of faith was called for, took out of his pocket a primer of the ancient style of type and binding: "I was taught out of this in my youth," said Mr. M. "It was my mother's and my grandmother's, and to it I subscribe." He then read the catechism, his orthodoxy being unquestioned."

The Evangelist adds:

"Mr. M. gave next his religious experience. It was one of the most touching and marked I have ever heard. It dissolved the council in tears."

Among the ministers of the Council were Drs. Albro and Beecher, Messrs. M. Hale Smith, Buddington and Kirk. Dr. E. Beecher preached the sermon, Mr. Buddington gave the right hand of Fellowship.

Mission to San Francisco. The American Baptist Home Mission Society have appointed Rev. O. C. Wheeler, of Jersey City, as a missionary to San Francisco, in California. Mr. Wheeler, and lady sailed from New York on the 1st inst. On Wednesday evening Mr John W. Douglass, formerly of Trenton, New York, was ordained by the Third Presbytery of New York, and on Thursday evening Mr. S. H. Willey was ordained by the Fourth Presbytery of New York. Both these gentlemen are commissioned as missionaries to California, and also sailed on the 1st inst. for the field of their labours.

Church changed to a Dancing Hall. The Bunker Hill Aurora states that the old Free Will Baptist meeting house in Charlestown has been sold to pay up the debts of the society, and has been altered into a dancing hall! It was dedicated to its new purposes by a public ball on Monday evening last.

We would add that the result above mentioned was owing to dissensions between the society and the church.

Important Step. The Rev. Messrs. Bradley and Caswell, missionaries of the American Board to Siam, were suspended from their appointment by the Prudential Committee, in consequence of their having become Perfectionists. The American Abolition Missionary Association immediately took these gentlemen up, and appointed them missionaries to the *same field*.

Imposter Arrested. A fellow has been arrested in Boston, who, it appears, has been doing a rather extensive business in the way of imposing upon the benevolent, as an impoverished Clergyman. He went by the name of Smith. He had with him a poor girl, whom he had deluded from her parents and from virtue, and his brutal treatment of her led to his arrest and exposure. He will no doubt be properly taken care of.

Want of Ministers. The Rev. T. F. Caldicott stated at the recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Baptist Convention, that in the United States alone, while there are more than 10,000 Baptist churches, the number of ministers does not exceed 6000, leaving 4000 churches without pastors, and this want is daily increasing. For new churches alone 500 ministers are needed per annum.

Wholesale Extermination. It was stated recently by Rev. Mr. Chiniguy, in a public meeting at Montreal, that he had a list of fifteen families, once among the wealthiest of Montreal, who have all been destroyed by intemperance.

Their aggregate fortunes, a few years ago amounted to $800,000. Now they have disappeared entirely, root and branch, solely through the influence of intoxicating liquors. He had another list of fourteen families, of various occupations, whose aggregate fortunes amounted to $1,000,000, who have also disappeared from the same cause; and another list of five hundred and seventeen families who resided in fourteen parishes, and were all once comparatively wealthy, but are now destroyed by liquor—except remnants scattered through the States and elsewhere. It is thus that intoxicating liquors destroy the human race.

Sunday Liquor Traffic. In an address recently delivered at the New York Tabernacle, by Rev. John Marsh, Sec. of American Temp. Union, he stated as follows:

There are already 3,811 venders of strong or spiritous liquors in this city, a number which will be increased during the year to 4,000, or more than two hundred to each ward, or one to each one hundred persons. There were two classes, he said, the taverns and the grocery dealers, and their increase of late had been rapid, far outstripping that of the population. In one ward one hundred and ninety-seven public houses or liquor groceries had been observed open on the Sabbath, and in another ward there was a liquor store for every twenty families—and that one family out of each ten is a drunkard's family. There were also four hundred places for selling liquor in Brooklyn, and in Williamsburgh, too, the number was large. According to the statement of the city missionary, there are five regular setters for each liquor store in a ward in this city, who spend the whole day in drinking and smoking; this would make one thousand in the ward.

A tract visitor gave away 42 tracts to different individuals who egressed from one liquor establishment, one Sabbath; from another house 500 were seen to go out on the Sabbath. If therefore, each house has 10 visitors, the total could be 40,000, and if the sales amount to $10 each, (and some amount to $50) the total would amount to $40,000, or $2,080,000 in all the Sabbaths of the year. In the second place Mr. Marsh considered how far this traffic was licensed on the Sabbath: only to travellers and lodgers, according to the statute: the 19-20ths of the liquor is sold to our own citizens. [Tribune.

Germans. There are now nearly 3,000,000 Germans in this country, and more than 50,000 of their families are annually visitey by *colporteurs*, who circulate an immense number of religious publications among them either by gift or sale.

The Burial of Euclid. This annual ceremony was performed last night, by the students of Yale, with unusual brilliancy. At the hour of ten, according to previous notice, the students assembled at the Temple, where the eulogies and the poems were delivered by most distinguished looking characters, in dresses to correspond with their respective parts. After the usual exercises of *going over* Euclid, *seeing through it, and understanding it*, a fine procession was formed, numbering some fifty torches. They proceeded with a band of music at their head through some of the principal streets to the place of burying, at the summit of Powder House hill. The appearance of the procession during its march, was grotesque and ludicrous in the extreme. Uncouth masks, and unheard of garments, lit by the flaring torches, rendered the scene wild and unearthly. After burning the volume and singing a dirge, the assembly quietly adjourned.—The exercises were attended by a large and much pleased audience, among whom we noticed some of the College faculty. [N. H. Palladium.

Trouble in Yale College. The Northampton Courier states that the faculty of Yale College have punished several of the actors in the annual cemony of "burying Euclid." The faculty were determined to break up the custom, and threatened this year to take severe measures with any who might engage in its repetition. Hence the student who delivered the sermon, and the one who read the poem, with one or two others, were expelled. Others were rusticated or otherwise punished. Nearly all the students were spectators, but only the actors were punished. A tutor who went among them as a spy was roughly treated. The students kicked him, knocked off his hat, and snowballed him, until he was obliged to flee for his life.

Relief to Ireland. From a statement, made by the Central Relief Commitee in Ireland, it appears that the donations in money and provisions (exclusive of clothing,) made by citizens of the United States to their suffering brethren in Ireland, amounted to upwards of *seven hundred and forty seven thousand dollars*.

The Aborigines. The National Intelligencer says that the number of Indian tribes whose existence and claims are recognized by the General Government is *sixty-five*, and this is exclusive of the tribes residing in the newly acquired territories of California, Oregon, and New Mexico. Of the many groups in which these tribes have been divided, the four most extensive ones, lying east of the Rocky Mountains, are known by the names of *Algonquin, Dacotah, Appalachian, and Shoshones, (Shawnees)*.

Reward of Merit. The Traveller states that a clerk in the employ of a firm in State street, was invited to dine with his employers on Thanksgiving day, and afterwards was presented with a check of $150 as an acknowledgement of his faithful services.

Statistics of House of Correction. The number of prisoners committed, from June 9, 1847, to June 14, 1848, was—males, 539; females, 335; making 874. The number discharged in the same period—males, 400; females, 249; making 649.

The number remaining in prison, June 14, 1848, is—males, 139; females, 86; making 225.

During this period there have been, deaths—males, 6; females 7; making 13. [Mr. Wilson's Report.

Armed Force. Mr. Cobden, writing to the Peace Congress at Brussels, says the total armed force of Europe, exclusive of national guards, police, &c., is 2,350,000 men, and the total expense £250,000,000 sterling per annum.

Temple of Jerusalem. On Thanksgiving day, in New York, M. M. Noah made an address to the Hebrews of that city, for the purpose of raising funds to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem.

Changes in Man's Life. About five years ago, says the Pennsylvanian, we saw a man light his cigar with a twenty dollar note of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. At that time he was full of life, and in the possession of real estate in the city of Philadelphia, valued at $80,000. Alas! what changes doth time make—on Saturday evening last this miserable man was seen begging alms in our public streets. He looked wretched, was ghastly pale, and miserably clad.

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL SOCIETY. There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, Dec. 18th, at the Chapel of the Church of the Saviour, at 7½ o'clock.

An Address to Teachers will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Waterston, and it is hoped that every Teacher connected with our Sabbath Schools will be present.

dec16 T. GAFFIELD, Sec'ry.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, contributed by "the Teachers and Friends of the First Parish Sunday School in Groton, Mass., to constitute Mr. Asa S. Kendall a Life Member of the Society.

Boston, Dec. 16th, 1848.

☞ FOUR LECTURES on the Inspiration of the New Testament, will be delivered in the Freeman Place Chapel, on Sunday evenings—commencing next Sunday evening, at 7.

Subjects. 1. State of the question and History of the Doctrine.
2. No-Inspiration Theory examined.
3. Gaussen's Theory examined.
4. Positive Result of the Inquiry.

dec16

☞ FAIR AND CHRISTMAS TREE, at the City Hall, Cambridge. The Ladies of the Lee St. Church, (Rev. A. B. Muzzey's,) Charitable Society, will hold a Fair for the sale of useful and fancy articles, at the City Hall, Cambridgeport, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st December; the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of a Library for the Sunday School; and to other objects connected with the interests of the Society.

The principal features of the Fair will be as follows:—

The sale of a great variety of useful and fancy articles, suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents.

A Book Table, furnished with the Annuals for 1849, and a well selected assortment of Miscellaneous Books, Juveniles, Fancy Stationery, &c., &c.

A Refreshment Table, abundantly supplied with Tea, Coffee, Ices, and other refreshments.

A Post Office, which will never disappoint applicants for letters!

A Brilliantly Illuminated Christmas Tree! on both evenings of the Fair.

A Newspaper, published for the occasion.

Good Instrumental Music will be in attendance in the evenings.

The sale will commence on Wednesday, Dec. 20th, at 5, P. M., and be continued through the next day and evening. The Cambridge and Boston Omnibusses leave Brattle and Court Streets every 15 minutes, during the day, and will convey visitors to the Hall.

An Omnibus will leave the Hall for Boston at 9 and 10 o'clock on both evenings of the Fair.

Tickets. Single admission, 12½ cents at the door. Season Tickets, at 25 cents each, may be obtained at the Bookstore of Benj. H. Greene, 124 Washington st, Boston;—of Messrs. Bruce and Gregory, Main st.;—and at the University Bookstore, Cambridge.

N. B. Contributions of articles suitable for a Christmas Tree, or for general sale, are respectfully solicited from the friends of the Society;—and may be sent to either of the places above mentioned; or to Mrs. Henry Burditt, No. 16 Boylston st, Boston;—Mrs. H. Greene, corner of Harvard and Inman sts.;—Mrs. J. P. Whiton, Main st.;—and Mrs. C. Boutelle, Brattle st, Cambridge. dec16

☞ NOTICE. All the *past pupils* of the undersigned, and all gentlemen, who have, at any time, been associated with him in the business of instruction, are affectionately invited to meet him at his residence, No. 12, Essex Street, on New-Year's evening, at 7 o'clock.

dec16 3tis G. F. THAYER.

☞ INDIANA STREET CHURCH. The Rev. Dr. E. Peabody will preach in this Church next Sunday evening, Dec. 17. Services to commence at 7 o'clock.

☞ A contribution will be taken in aid of the Church. dec16

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 6th inst. by Rev Mr Peabody, Samuel T. Morse to Harriet J., daughter of Henry Lee, Esq.

6th inst. by Rev Dr Lowell, Dr J. H. B. McClellan of Philadelphia to Maria, daughter of Oliver Eldredge, Esq.

6th inst. by Rev Dr Barrett, Mr Edward Slade of Baltimore, to Miss E. Ellen, daughter of John Wheeler, Esq., of this city.

In Roxbury, 1st inst. by Rev Dr Putnam, Daniel T. Jewett, Esq., of Bangor, Me., to Sarah J., daughter of the late Hon. John Wilson of Belfast, Me.

In East Boston, 6th inst. by Rev Mr Livermore, Mr David H. Blaney to Miss Almira A. Tewksbury, both of E. B.

In Cambridgeport, Mr Adolphus Osborn to Miss Sarah L. Green of Cambridge.

In West Cambridge, Mr Jacob F. Hobbs of Lexington to Miss Harriet Eliza Frost of W. C.

In Dedham, 30th ult, Mr Fisher A. Parsons to Miss Harriet Hasty.

In Newton, 6th inst. by Rev William S. Leavitt, Mr Samuel Poole of Worcester to Maria A., daughter of Josiah Gilmore, Esq., of N.

In Hingham, on Thanksgiving evening, by Rev Mr Richardson, Mr Moses Cross to Miss Emily E. Whiton, both of H.

In South Hingham, 30th ult, Mr Joseph Henry Wilder to Miss Hannah Sprague.

In Taunton, on Thanksgiving evening, by Rev Mr Brigham, Mr Barney L. Horr to Miss Marietta, daughter of Mr Elias E. Standish.

In Pepperell, by Rev Mr Babbidge, Mr Charles R. Hoar of Groton to Miss Mary A. Wood of P.

In Leominster Nov. 28th, by Rev Mr Allen of Sterling, Mr S. J. P. Holbrook to Miss Mary Osborn, both of L. Also, at the same time and place, Mr Phinehas Herrington of Shirley to Miss Cynthia L. Osborn of L.

In Duxbury, 5th inst, Mr J. Coolidge Richardson of Woburn to Miss Mary Myrick of Duxbury.

In Gloucester, 27th ult, by Rev J. K. Waite, Mr J. Addison Norcross of this city to Miss Lucy S., daughter of Capt Samuel Pearson of G.

In Portland, Me., 3d inst, Mr Wesley Emery to Miss Jane B. Robinson.

In Saco, Me., by Rev G. G. Strickland, Mr Nathaniel Milliken, to Miss Hannah Goodwin of Saco.

At Chicopee Falls, Nov. 30th, Daniel Griffin to Jane A. Adams, both of C. F.

In Hartford, Conn., 30th ult, Lewis Clark of Otis to Elizabeth Clark of Tolland, Ct.

In New York City, 5th by Rev Henry W. Bellows, Mr William S. Fogg to Miss Mary S. Wood.

DEATHS.

In this city, Fanny, youngest daughter of Dr Horace Dupee, 1 year 3 mos.

4th inst, Mrs Catherine, wife of Daniel Hollis, 59

In Charlestown, 7th inst, Nancy, widow of Mr Isaac Pratt, 77.

In West Cambridge, 7th inst, Caroline R., daughter of Mr Geo C. Russell, 3 yrs.

In Dover, N. H., Miss Frances M. Chamberlain, 22.

In Providence, R. I., 30th ult, Mrs Harriet L. Munro, wife of Charles G. Munro, 35.

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do do Normans and Saxons.
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POETRY.

[From the Monthly Religious Magazine.]

MY WATCH.

Last night I lay with wakeful eyes,
With eyes that ached and longed to sleep:
And as the weary hours went by,
One sound, beside the night-wind's sigh,
Stole on mine ear.

Unseen beneath my pillow lay
My little watch, and until day
Its pleasant voice went ticking on
Speaking of friends and things long gone;
I loved to hear.

Aye! take my gems, my sparkling rings,
My bird, although he sweetly sings,
My books, beguilers of lone hours,
My loved and almost loving flowers,
But leave me this.

Not for thy pearls and golden case,
Not for thy true familiar face,
Not for thy gentle midnight song,
Dear watch! have I loved thee so long,
Through wo and bliss.

The hours thou markest cling to thee,
Through thee my life still speaks to me;
The wedding sunshine—when Ar gave—
The gloom that settled on his grave,
Come at thy voice.

I see again the cradle small
Where lay my little one, my all,
Lulled by thy steady tick above,
Or touching thee with timid love,
A plaything choice.

The feverish nights, so sick, so long,
When flesh was weak and faith was strong,
When sunk the fire, and round me played
Strange shadows as I lay and prayed
For soft release;

The days when bounding through each vein
Health made me glad of life again,
And while my busy fingers flew,
Unconsciously my nature grew
In strength and peace;

All these sweet, solemn thoughts arise,
While rest on thee my tearful eyes,
Companion of my holiest hours!
Coffined with me, and wreathed with flowers,
Thou shalt be laid.

Machinery of wondrous skill
Wears out in spite of mortal will;
Mine must, thou gently warnest me;
The springs run down, and soon rest we
In quiet shade.

Peace, peace and stillness for us both.
To quit life uses, art thou loth?
Then, busy monitor, tick on;
To higher tasks must I be gone,
Stay thou, and teach!

Not of the past alone speak thou,
Look calmly on the youthful brow,
Speak gently in the dead of night—
Oh! of the Future talk! of Light,
Which man may reach!

L. J. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STRAY LEAVES FROM MARGARET SMITH'S DIARY, IN THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[Continued.]

Visit of Margaret to her brother in the Providence Plantations.—The Old Indian.—Leonard's Wife.

[From the National Era.]

April ye 24th.—A vessel from London has just come to port, bringing Rebecca's dresses for the wedding, which will take place about the middle of June, as I hear. Uncle Rawson has brought me a long letter from Aunt Hilton, with one also from Oliver, pleasant and livelie, like himself. No special news from abroad, that I hear of. My heart longs for Old England more and more

It is supposed that the freeholders have chosen Mr. Broadstreet for their Governor. The vote, Uncle says, is exceeding small, verie few people troubling themselves about it.

May ye 2d.—Mr. John Easton, a man of some note in the Providence Plantations, having occasion to visit Boston yesterday, brought me a message from my brother, to the effect that he was now married and settled, and did greatlie desire me to make the journey to his house in the company of his friend, John Easton, and his wife's sister. I feared to break the matter to my Uncle, but Rebecca hath done so for me, and he hath, to my great joy, consented thereto: for, indeed, he refuseth nothing to her. My Aunt fears for me, that I shall suffer from the cold, as the weather is by no means settled, although the season is forward, as compared with the last; but I shall take good care as to clothing; and John Easton saith we shall be but two nights on the way.

The Plantations, May ye 10th 1679—We left Boston on the 4th, at about sunrise, and rode on at a brisk trot, until we came to the Neponset river, along which we went near a mile before we found a suitable ford, and even there the water was soe deep that we only did escape a wetting by drawing our feet up to our saddle-trees. About noon, we stopped at a farmer's house, in the hope of getting a dinner; but the room was dirty as an Indian wigwam, with two children in it, sick with the measles, and the woman herself in a poor way, and we were glad to leave as soon as possible, and get into the fresh aire again. Aunt had provided me with some cakes, and Mr. Easton, who is an old traveller, had with him a roasted fowle, and a good loaf of Indian bread; soe, coming to a spring of excellent water, we got off our horses, and, spreading our napkins on the grass and drie leaves, had a comfortable dinner. John's sister is a widow, a livelie merry woman, and proved rare companie for me. Afterwards we rode until the sun was nigh setting, when we came to a little hut on the shore of a broad lake at a place called Massapog. It had been dwelt in by a white familie formerly, but it was now empty, and much decayed in the roof, and as we did ride up to it we saw a wild animal of some sort leap out of one of its windows, and run into the pines. Here Mr. Easton said we must make shift to tarry through the night, as it was manie miles to the house of a white man. Soe, getting off our horses, we went into the house, which had but one room, with loose boards for a floor; and as we sat there in the twilight, it looked diemal enough; but presentlie Mr. Easton coming in, with a great load of drie boughs, struck a light in the stone fire-place, and we soon had a roaring fire. His sister broke off some hemlock boughs near the door, and made a broom of them, with which she swept up the floor, soe that when we sat down on blocks by the hearth, eating our poor supper, we thought ourselves quite comfortable and tidy. It was a wonderful clear night—the moon rising, as we judged, about 8 of the clock, over the tops of the hills on the Easterly side of the Lake, and shining brightlie on the water in a long line of light, as if a silver bridge had been laid across it. Looking out into the forest, we could see the beams of the moon, falling here and there through the thick tops of the pines and hemlocks, and showing their tall trunks like to so manie pillars in a church or temple. There was a Westerlie Wind blowing, not steadily, but in long gusts, which, sounding from a great distance through the pine leaves, did make a solemn and not unpleasing music, to which I listened at the door until the cold drove me in for shelter. Our horses, having been fed with corn, which Mr. Easton took with him, were tied at the back of the building, under the cover of a thick growth of hemlocks, which served to break off the night wind. The widow and I had a comfortable bed in the corner of the room, which we made of small hemlock sprigs, having our cloaks to cover us, and our saddle-bags for pillows. My companions were soon asleep, but the exceeding novelitie of my situation did keep me a long time awake. For, as I lay there looking upward, I could see the stars shining through a great hole in the roof, and the moonlight streaming through the seams of the logs, and mingling with the red glow of the coals on the hearth. I could hear the horses stamping, just outside, and the sound of the water on the lake shore, the crie of wild animals in the depth of the woods, and over all, the long and very wonderful murmur of the pines in the wind. At last, being sore weary, I fell asleep, and waked not until I felt the warm sun shining in my face, and heard the voice of Mr. Easton, bidding me rise, as the horses were readie.

After riding about two hours, we came upon an Indian camp, in the midst of a thick wood of maples. Here were six spacious wigwams; but the men were awaie, except two verie old and infirm ones. There were five or six women, and perhaps twice as manie children, who all came out to see us. They brought us some dried meat as hard, nigh upon, as chips of wood, and which, although hungrie, I could feel no stomach for; but I bought of one of the squaws two great cakes of sugar, made from the sap of the maples which abound there, verie pure and sweet, and which served me instead of their unsavory meat and cakes of pounded corn, of which Mr. Easton and his sister did not scruple to partake. Leaving them, we had a long and hard ride to a place called Winnicinnit, where, to my great joy, we found a comfortable house and Christian people, with whom we tarried. The next day we got to the Plantations; and about noon, from the top of a hill, Mr. Easton pointed out the settlement where my brother dwelt—a fair, pleasant valley, through which ran a small river, with the houses of the planters on either side. Shortly after, we came to a new frame house, with a great oak tree left standing on each side of the gate, and a broad moadow before it, stretching down to the water. Here Mr. Easton stopped; and now, who should come hastening down to us but my new sister, Margaret, in her plain but comlie dress, kindlie welcoming me; and soon my brother came up from the meadow, where he was busie with his men. It was indeed a joyful meeting.

The next day, being the Sabbath, I went with my brother and his wife to the meeting, which was held in a large house of one of their Quaker neighbors. About a score of grave, decent people did meet there, sitting verie quiet for a pretty while, when one of their number, a venerable man, spake a few words, mostlie scripture; then a young woman, who, I did afterwards learn, had been cruellie treated by the Plymouth people, did offer a few words of encouragement and exhortation from this portion of the xxxiv Psalm: *The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and deliv*ereth them. When the meeting was over, some of the ancient women came and spake kindly to me, inviting me to their houses. In the evening, certain of these people came to my brother's, and were kind and loving towards me. There was, nevertheless, a gravitie and a certain staidness of deportment, which I could but ill conform unto, and I was not sorry when they took leave. My Uncle Rawson need not fear my joining with them; for although I doe judge them to be a worthie and pious people, I like not their manner of worship, and their great gravitie and soberness doe little accord with my natural temper and spirits.

The Plantations, May ye 16th. This place is in what is called Narraganset countrie, and about twenty miles from Mr. Williams' town of Providence, a place of noe small note. Mr. Williams, who is now an aged man, more than fourscore, was the founder of the Province, and is held in great esteem by the people, who be of all sects and persuasions, as the Government doth not molest anie, in worshipping according to conscience; and hence you will see in the same neighborhood, Anabaptists, Quakers, New Lights, Brownists, Antinomians, and Socinians—nay, I am told there be Papists also. Mr. Williams is a Baptist, and holdeth mainlie with Calvin and Beza, as respects the decrees, and hath been a bitter reviler of the Quakers, although he hath oft-times sheltered them from the rigor of the Massachusetts Bay Magistrates, who he saith have noe warrant to deal in matters of conscience and religion, as they have done.

Yesterday came the Governor of the Rhode Island, Nicholas Easton, the father of John, with his youngest daughter, Mary, as fair and as ladye-like a person as I have seen for manie a day. Both her father and herself doe meet with the "Friends," as they call themselves, at their great house on the Island, and the Governor sometimes speaks therein, having, as one of the Elders here saith of him, "a pretty gift in the ministry." Mary, who is about the age of my brother's wife would fain persuade us to goe back with them on the morrow to the Island, but Leonard's business will not allow it and I would by no means lose his companie while I tarry in these parts, as I am soe soon to depart for home, where a great ocean will separate us, it may be for manie years. Margaret, who hath been to the Island, saith that the Governor's house is open to all new comers, who are there entertained with rare courtesie, he being a man of substance, having a great plantation, with orchards and gardens, and a statelie house on an hill overlooking the sea on either hand, where, six years ago, when the famous George Fox was on the Island, he did entertain and lodge no less than fourscore persons, beside his own familie and servants.

My brother's lines have indeed fallen unto him in a pleasant place. His house is on a warme slope of a hill, looking to the southeast, with a great wood of oaks and walnuts behind it, and before it manie acres of open land, where formerlie the Indians did plant their corn, much of which is now ploughed and seeded. From the top of the hill one can see the waters of the Great bay; at the foot of it runs a small river noisily over the rocks, making a continual murmur. Strolling thither this morning, I found a great rock hanging over the water, on which I sat down, listening to the noise of the stream, and the merriment of the birds in the trees, and admiring the green banks, which were besprinkled with white and yellow flowers. I called to mind that sweet fancie of the lamented Anne Broadstreet, the wife of the new Governor of Massachusetts, in a little piece which she nameth "Contemplations" being written on the banks of a stream, like unto the one whereby I was then sitting, in the which the writer first describeth the beauties of the wood, and the flowing water, with the bright fishes therein, and then the songs of the birds in the bonghs over her head, in this sweet and pleasing verse, which I have often heard repeated by Cousin Rebecca:

"While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my Brain,
A sweet-tongu'd songster perch't above my head,
And chanted forth her most melodious strain;
Which rapt me soe with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wisht me Wings with her awhile to take my flight.

"O merrie Bird! said I, that fears no snares,
That neither tyles nor hoards up in the barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares,
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm.
Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a Bough, thy Drink the water clear,
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
Soe each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And, warbling out the old, begins the new.
And thus they pass their youth in Summer season,
Then follow thee unto a better region,
Where Winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion."

Now while I did ponder these lines, hearing a step in the leaves, I looked up, and behold there was an old Indian close beside me; and, being much affrighted, I gave a loud crie, and ran towards the house. The old man laughed at this, and, calling after me, said he would not harm me; and Leonard, hearing my crie, now coming up, bade me never fear the Indian, for he was a harmless creature, who was well known to him. Soe he kindlie saluted the old man, asking me to shake hands with him, which I did; when he struck across the field to a little cleared spot on the side of the hill. My brother bidding me note his actions, I saw him stoop down on his knees, with his head to the ground, for some space of time, and then getting up, he stretched out his hands towards the southwest, as if imploring some one whom I could not see. This he repeated for nigh upon half an hour, when he came back to the house, where he got some beer, and bread to eat, and a great loaf to carry away. He said but little until he rose to depart, when he told my brother that he had been to see the graves of his father and his mother, and that he was glad to find them as he did leave them the last year; for he knew that the spirits of the dead would be sore grieved, if the white man's hoe touched their bones.

My brother promised him that the burial place of his people should not be disturbed, and that he would find it as now, when he did again visit it.

"Me never come again," said the old Indian. "No. Umpachee is very old He has noe squaw; he has noe young men, to call him father. Umpachee is like that tree;" and he pointed, as he spoke, to a birch, which stood apart in the field, from which the bark had fallen, and which did show no leaf or bud.

My brother hereupon spake to him of the Great Father of both White and Red men, and of His Love towards them, and of the measure of light which he had given unto all men, whereby they might know good from evil, and by living in obedience to which they might be happie in this life and in that to come; exhorting him to put his trust in God, who was able to comfort and sustain him in his old age, and not to follow after lying Powahs, who did deceive and mislead him.

"My young brother's talk is good," said the old man. "The Great Father sees that his skin is White, and that mine is Red. He sees my young brother when he sits in his praying house, and me when me offer him corn and deer's flesh in the woods, and he says Good. Umpachee's people have all gone to one place. If Umpachee goe to a praying house, the Great Father will send him to the white man's place, and his father and his mother and his sons will never see him in their hunting grounds. No. Umpachee is an old beaver that sits in his own house, and swims in his own pond. He will stay where he is until his Father calls him."

Saying this, the old Savage went on his way. As he passed out of the valley, and got to the top of the hill on the other side, we, looking after him, beheld him standing still a moment, as if bidding farewell to the graves of his fathers.

May ye 24th. My brother goes with me to-morrow on my way to Boston. I am not a little loath to leave my dear sister Margaret, who hath greatlie won upon me by her gentleness and loving deportment, and who doth at all times even when at work in ordering her household affairs, and amidst the cares and perplexities of her new life, show forth that sweetness of temper and that simplicitie wherewith I was charmed when I first saw her. She hath naturally an ingenious mind, and, since her acquaintance with my brother, hath dipped into such of his studies and readings as she had leisure and freedom to engage in, soe that her converse is in no wise beneath her station. Nor doth she, like some of her people, especiallie the more simple and unlearned, affect a painful and melancholie look, and a canting tone of discourse, but lacketh not for cheerfulness, and a certain natural ease and grace of demeanor; and the warmth and goodness of her heart doth at times break the usual quiet of her countenance, like to sunshine and wind on a still water, and she hath the sweetest smile I ever saw. I have often thought, since I have been with her, that if Uncle Rawson could see and hear her as I doe for a single day, he would confess that my brother might have done worse than to take a Quaker to wife.

MADAME PFEIFFER.

[Rev. J. M. Perkins, American Missionary among the Nestorians in Persia, has written a letter to the N. Y. Observer, respecting this very singular female traveller—who, we learn, has already arrived in this country:]

OROOMIAH, PERSIA, Aug. 3, 1848.

A few evenings ago a knock at the door of our mission premises was soon followed by the quick step of a native, who came to Dr. Wright with the statement that there stood in the street a woman, who knew no language, and was entirely unattended, except by a Koordish muleteer. A moment afterward another native came with the additional statement, 'the lady dressed in English clothes and says, in your language, will you give me a little water?'

Dr. Wright soon had ocular proof of what his ears were so reluctant to admit—a European lady standing before him, having a letter from Mr. Stocking from an acquaintance of his at Mosul, which introduced to us Madame Pfeiffer, of Vienna, who had performed the circuit of the world, thus far, alone, and was now hastening toward her home.

Who then is Madame Pfeiffer? She is a German lady, fifty years old, of great intelligence and most perfect accomplishments, and to appearance thoroughly sane on every subject unless it be her style of travelling, which is at least somewhat peculiar.

Madame Pfeiffer, leaving her husband and her two sons, (one of them an officer of government and the other an artist,) about two years ago started on her tour around the world. An aged gentleman of her acquaintance accompanied her for some time, but finding that she was obliged to protect him instead of his protecting her, she left him and proceeded alone.

From Europe, Madame Pfeiffer went to Brazil, where she admired the brilliant flowers and magnificent forests more than almost anything else that she had seen, and where she came very near being murdered by a black ruffian, who attempted to rob her. She still carries scars of the wounds then received, but states with evident satisfaction, that she had cut off three of his fingers in self defence, when several persons providentially came to her rescue. She had intended to cross the continent, from Rio to the Pacific Ocean, but finding things in too disordered a state to admit of it, she took passage in a sailing vessel at Rio, in which she doubled Cape Horn and went to Chili; and after a short stay at Valparaiso, she took passage in another vessel for Tahiti, where she made an agreeable visit, among the mementoes of which she has Queen Pomare's autograph.

From Tahiti, our heroine traveller proceeded to China, where she visited several of the points most accessible to foreigners, mingling socially with the missionaries there, whom she mentions familiarly by name, as Dr. Bridgeman, Dr. Ball, Mr. Gutzlaff, &c.; the autograph of the last named she has in Chinese. One of the strongest impressions which she seems to have brought from the 'celestial empire' is the imminent insecurity of foreigners at Canton.

From China, Madame Pfeiffer went to Calcutta; and from that city travelled overland, across British India, to Bombay, passing through a great variety of incidents and adventures on the way, and holding much pleasant intercourse with Protestant missionaries (though herself born and educated a Catholic,) at various stations and of different nations.

From Bombay, Madame P. went in a steamer to Bussorah; and thence in another steamer to Bagdad; and from Bagdad she travelled in company with a caravan up to Mosul, as a memento of which place she has a sculptured figure of the human head, taken from the ruins of ancient Nineveh. From Mosul she crossed the formidable Koordish mountains to Oroomiah, a caravan journey of twelve days, (but protracted in her case, by tedious delays, to twenty days,) in company with a Koordish muleteer, on a route of greater exposure, humanly speaking, than any other she has travelled, during her circuit of the world.

After a visit of one day with us, Madame Pfeiffer hastened on toward Tabreez, intending to go thence through Georgia to Tiflis and thence across the Caucasus, through European Russia to Vienna, hoping to reach her home about the first of November.

In her passage across the wild Koordish mountains, a savage Koord, pointing to the tassel on the Turkish fez (cap) she wore, to which he took a fancy, and demanded it of her by the significant gesture of drawing his hand across his throat—meaning, of course, 'Give me the tassel as you value your head.' She repelled the demand by gestures unable to speak to him a word orally, in any language he could understand. Through many such adventures she made her way safely to Oroomiah, carrying about her person a large sum of money, (by accidental necessity rather than choice,) over the wild regions of Koordistan, in a manner that seems to us truly marvellous. Her practical motto is never betray fear; and to her strict adherence to that she expresses herself as greatly indebted for her success in travelling.

On the road Madame Pfeiffer in these regions wears the large veil, concealing most of the person, which is commonly worn here by native females, when they go abroad, and rides astride, as they also ride, but her other garments, (with the exception of the Turkish cap abovenamed,) are sufficiently European in appearance to distinguish her from natives. Her language, on the way, in these lands, is wholly the language of signs dictated by necessity, and which she seems often to have made very expressive. On the last day's ride, before reaching Oroomiah, for instance, the stage being two ordinary stages, and the muleteer, at one time, proposing to halt till the next day, she would rest her head upon her hand, as emblematical of sleep, and repeat Oroomiah; and when the muleteer, from regard to his tired horses, still insisted on halting, she added tears to her gestures; and the obstinate Koord's heart, according to his own statement, was then irresistibly subdued—so much so that he went promptly and cheerfully.

Her helplessness and dependence, on well known principles, did much doubtless, at once to win for her kindness, among the bloody Koords, and ward off danger. Madame P. has, however, intrinsic elements of a good traveller. Though she had ridden on the day she reached Oroomiah, almost incessantly, from one o'clock A. M., till eight o'clock P. M., at the wearisome rate of a caravan, over a very dry, hot, dusty region, a distance of nearly sixty miles, still on her arrival she seemed little tired—was buoyant and cheerful as a lark, (which is probably her habitual temperament,) and was quite ready the next day, (the only day she stopped with us,) to take a pleasure ride on Mt. Seir.

Madame Pfeiffer occupies but a single horse on her journey; her small trunk being slung on one side of the animal, and her scanty bed on the other, and she riding between them. Her fare on the road moreover, is extremely simple—consisting of little more than bread and milk—a regimen not more convenient to the traveller, on the score of economy, than conducive, as she says, to her health, and certainly to her security. To those who may be curious in regard to the expenses of her tour round the world, I may repeat her statement, that she had expended when here, just about one thousand dollars.

A passion for travel is the ruling motive that carries Madame Pfeiffer so cheerfully and courageously through all her manifold hardships and perils. She, however, has minor objects, makes large collections of insects and flowers. She is already an author of some celebrity, having published a work on Iceland, and the other on Syria and the Holy Land, the fruits of her earlier travels; and the copious notes and observations which she is making, during her tour around the globe, will, of course, in due time, be given to the world. "A small affair," she pertinently remarked, "would it have been for me to sail around the world as many have done; it is my land journeys that render my tour a great undertaking, and invest it with interest."

Madame Pfeiffer expressed her purpose, after visiting home and resting awhile, of taking North America in her next tour. Possibly this female Ledyard will meet some in our native land, under whose eyes this notice may fall; if so, we would bespeak for her their kind offices, and pledge them in return, a rare entertainment in making her acquaintance.

GOV. ELLSWORTH'S SEAT.—A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.

[From Irenæus in the N. Y. Observer.]

An hour before sunset the West gave signs of a coming storm. We left the shaded walks in which we had been wandering and found a retreat in doors from the sudden rain, while the closed casements shut out the piercing lightning, and the lamps ushered in the pleasures of a social evening. In the midst of these we had quite forgotten the war of the elements, when we were summoned from the parlor to look out on the world. O change, transporting change! The sun had broken through the thunder clouds of the West, and now was pouring a tide of golden radiance over the earth, as if the walls of heaven had burst from fulness, and its glories were coming down in torrents. The mansion of Gov. Ellsworth, [at Hartford Ct.] (where I was at home) commands a wide and charming view of the valley of the Connecticut, and now the rich, deep green of the forest and field received the gorgeous rays of the effulgent sun, which shining on the mist that hung over the river and the vale, reflected such blended lustres of color as none of us had ever seen. The spires and towers of the city at our feet were blazing with the beauty of the creation morning and seemed to rise and smile in the gladness of new existence, while every tree and flower just drenched in rain were decked with jewels as if all nature were adorned to celebrate "the bridal of the earth and sky." And then, over and above all this, even now more beauty than often blesses mortal eye, there stood the bow of God! one span! an arch of glory perfect in all the colors of His pencil, only less to be admired than that other rainbow round about his throne.

"I know not whether to admire the beauty or the grandeur of the view, the more," said one, after we had looked on with wonder and delight.

"They are blended in just the proportions to make it perfect."

"It is a beautiful world. *How* beautiful heaven must be!" was the exclamation of a young, glad heart, and we all smiled assent, and thought a prayer that it might be ours to see and share it. Slowly the sun sunk away to his repose, the shadows climbed the spires, the brightness of sky went out, and we whispered

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining."

But the glory lingered on the western sky and seemed reluctant to retire. The clouds that an hour or two ago were the blackness of darkness, now rested like bands of gold on a silver sea, till at last they gently disappeated, and the stars were scattered one by one as diamonds on the brow of night.

"It is all gone, and we shall never see the like again."

"Yes, but 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever,' and this will be always ours."

I know very well that many will read this and call it all *moon*shine: but not for *them* have I painted this scene with my pencil on a steamboat. It is done, as all my crayons are, for a few friends that have souls, with whom I have a private correspondence through the Observer.

MERCY IN A PAWNBROKER.

Last June, an Irishman pawned his watch, a silver lever, for $12, on which he was to pay fifty cents per week till redeemed, or forfeit the watch. He had paid eight weeks, and six more—$3—had become due. Unable to pay it, and unwilling to lose the watch, he requested me to redeem it, and to keep it till he could. I requested a friend to go to the broker, number—, —— square, and redeem it. My friend was *simple* enough to remonstrate with a pawnbroker for taking such enormous interest. He was, of course, unmoved by his remonstrance, said "a bargain was a bargain," and so on. The money was accordingly paid to him, and my friend, fearing that he might appear interested for himself, remarked as he turned to go out, that he came at my request, and that I wished to save the watch for the poor man. "Ah," said the broker, "if that's the case—well; I'm willing to do something for the good cause." And he actually took the three dollars—six week's interest—from his till, and paid it back. This I think as creditable as it is extraordinary. I never before supposed that a pawnbroker had any "bowels," except, like the wolf, the shortest possible. I was wrong. I rejoiced that there could be discovered something, yet unefaced, of the image of our Father, his Father, and my Father. [Mr. Wells' Report.

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